

JANUARY

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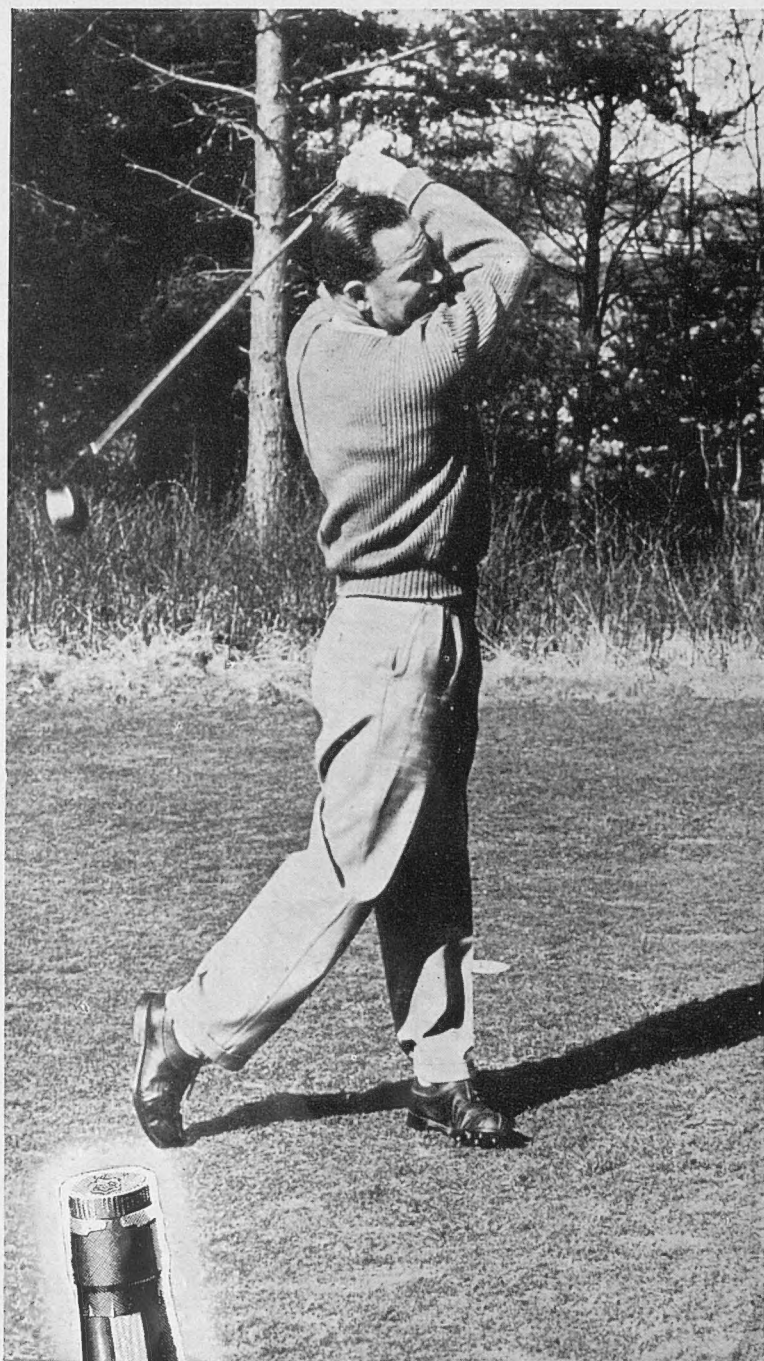
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# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 4 to January 11



Michael Dunne

VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN, beautiful wife of the fourth Viscount, is the subject of this week's TATLER cover. Formerly the Dona Maria Carmela Attolico di Adelfia, she was one of the leaders of the younger set in Rome until her wedding there in March, which was the outstanding event of the Roman season. The Viscount and Viscountess, who live at the Manor House, Hambleden, near Henley-on-Thames, have an infant son, born in November. This picture was taken at the house of the Viscountess's mother, Countess Eleonora Attolico di Adelfia, in Rome

Jan. 4 (Wed.)

Racing at Plumpton.

Jan 5 (Thurs.) The Pineapple Ball at Grosvenor House.

The annual children's party in aid of the League of Pity at the Hyde Park Hotel, under the presidency of the Marchioness of Carisbrooke.

Jan. 6 (Fri.) Princess Margaret will attend a gala performance at Sadler's Wells to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the theatre.

Hunt Balls:

Herefordshire Hunt Club, at Shire Hall, Hereford.

North Staffordshire, at Doddington Hall, Nr. Nantwich, Cheshire.

Radley College Beagles, at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford.

Pytchley, at Holdenby House, Northampton.

Racing at Windsor (two days)

Jan. 7 (Sat.) Quorn Hunt Ball at Swithland Hall, Loughborough, Leics.

Racing at Warwick and Wetherby

Jan. 8 (Sun.)

Jan. 9 (Mon.)

Racing at Leicester (two days)

Jan. 10 (Tues.) The Young People's Ball in aid of the League of Pity at Londonderry House, under the presidency of Mrs. George Courtauld.

Jan. 11 (Wed.) Dance in aid of the British Sailors' Society at the Café de Paris.

Racing at Hurst Park (two days)

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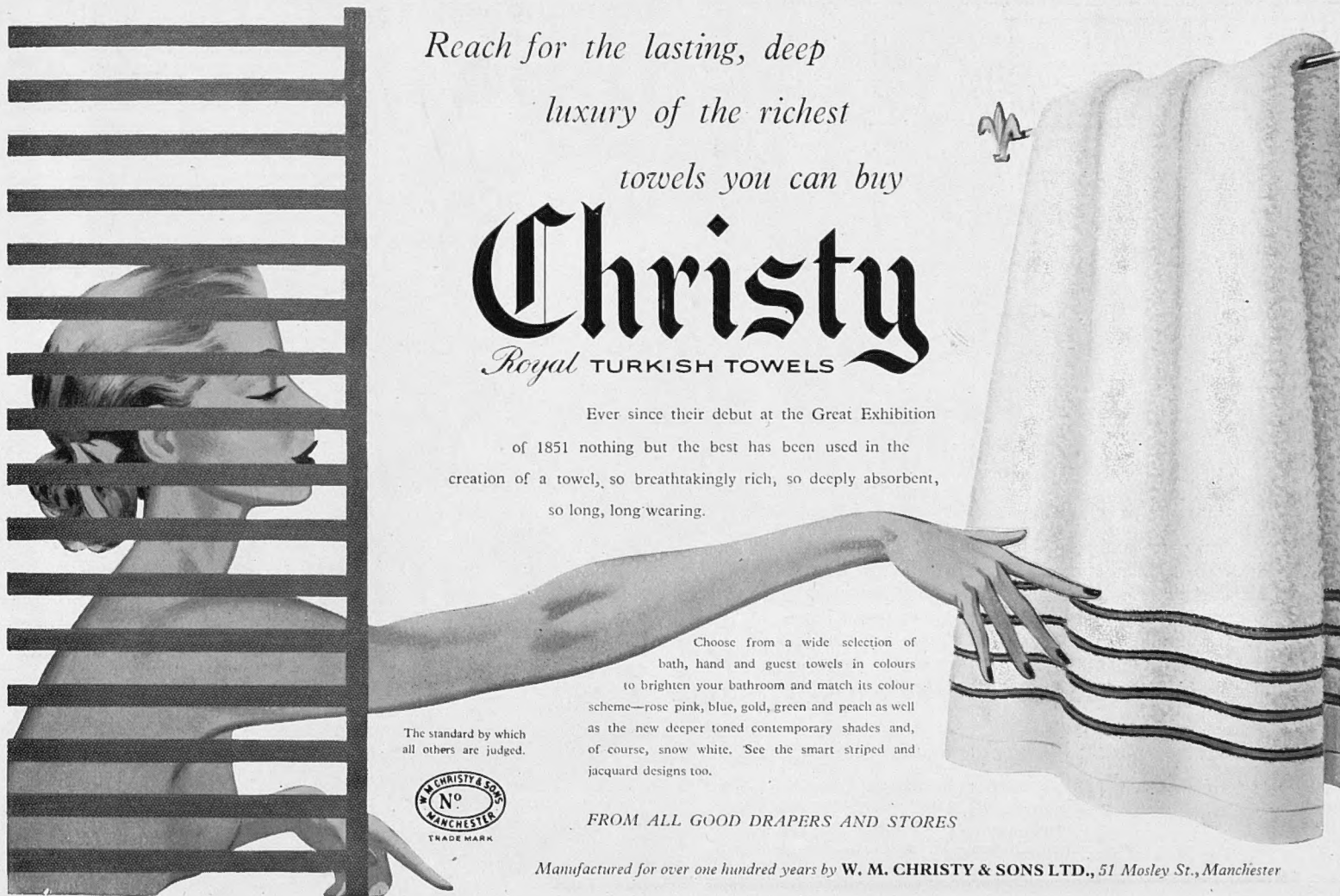
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Godfrey Cake

## Little girl on tiptoe for a New Year party

**T**HE Hon. Carol Lylie Palmer, subject of this charming study, is the four-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Palmer, of Camley House, Pinkney's Green, Maidenhead. Her father, who at one time served in the Grenadier Guards, is a prominent

industrialist. He is the third baron and third baronet, and succeeded his father to the title in 1950. Lady Palmer was, before her wedding in 1941, Miss Victoria Ellen Weston-Stevens, only daughter of the late Capt. J. A. R. Weston-Stevens, of Maidenhead, Berkshire





AFTER THE CHRISTENING. Richard John Oldfield was recently christened at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, and is here seen after the ceremony with his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Oldfield, and his sister, Carolyn, at their home in Queen's Elm Square, Chelsea. His five godparents are the Earl of Drogheda, the Hon. Harry Cubitt, Mr. Richard Neville, Miss Ann Riviere and Miss Tessa Diamond

## Social Journal

## Jennifer

### THE QUEEN AT THE CIRCUS

THE Queen, Prince Philip and Princess Margaret obviously thoroughly enjoyed the performance of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia, which they attended just before leaving London to spend Christmas at Sandringham. This performance was given in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, and the Duchess of Marlborough was chairman of the committee who organized it.

With the Duke of Marlborough she had been the previous day at the luncheon which is given annually at Olympia, before the first performance by Mr. Cyril and Mr. Bernard Mills, who have so efficiently carried on this great circus started by their father, the late Mr. Bertram Mills. Lord Burghley has taken the chair at these luncheons for the past ten years, and his annual speech is always full of wit and delivered with great ease and rapidity. This year he was once again in splendid form. Everyone was pleased to see Lady Burghley there, as she has been laid up in hospital for several weeks with a slipped disc.

H.R.H. Prince Axel of Denmark was there once again, also the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, members of both Houses of Parliament and of the Diplomatic Corps.

and the three Services, personalities in industry, the professional and artistic world, and in fact every walk of life. I, like many others, now look on this luncheon—which incidentally is superbly organized and served to more than 400 guests—as one of the most interesting and enjoyable events of the year.

BESIDES those I have already named, there were present the Duchess of Beaufort, Mme. Hägglöf, who brought her young son Axel as the Swedish Ambassador had not recovered from his operation for appendicitis, the German Ambassador, the Netherlands Ambassador, the Swiss Minister, the Canadian High Commissioner and the Bishop of London. Admiral Viscount Cunningham was there, also Viscount Montgomery, who brought the cabaret star Constance Moore—a fellow passenger in the Queen Mary from America on his last trip—Earl and Countess Attlee, the Home Secretary, who had come straight from a Cabinet meeting at 10 Downing Street, and Mrs. Gwylm Lloyd-George, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Lord McGowan and Viscount and Viscountess Waverley.

Others there included Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Soames, Lord and Lady Burnham, the Hon. Lionel and Lady Helen Berry, the

Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken, just back from a flying visit to New York, Sir Ronald Howe, Sir Michael and Lady Adeane, Mr. W. H. Parrack, who is managing director of one of our biggest printing firms, the newly created Viscount de Lisle and Dudley, V.C., the Earl and Countess of Cromer and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, with her husband, Major Cooper-Key, M.P. Many of the guests went in to see the very fine circus that has been produced at Olympia this year.

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FROM Olympia I went on to the Palace Theatre where the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, accompanied by Prince Richard of Gloucester and Prince Michael of Kent, were watching the preview of Emile Littler's brilliant production of *Cinderella*. This matinée was given in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors, and the numerous children in the audience were thrilled with the performance.

Among the older girls I met Miss Penny d'Erlanger and her sister with their mother, Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger. Penny, who is an extremely attractive girl, had only returned from Paris the previous day and she is going



there again at the end of this week until March, when she is coming back to attend one of the Royal presentation parties at Buckingham Palace and to enjoy her first season next summer.

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NEXT I went on to Trafalgar Square for the ceremony of illuminating the giant Norwegian Christmas tree, performed by the Mayor of Oslo. The charming gesture by the Norwegians of giving the citizens of London this tree each year gives pleasure to thousands who congregate around this vast and busy square during the Christmas holidays.

After the ceremony the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster held a reception at the Westminster City Hall where they received the guests with the Mayor and Mayoress of Oslo. Here I met the Norwegian Ambassador, Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, the Norwegian Consul-General and Mme. Galbe, Lord Mountevans and his charming Norwegian-born wife, and Mr. R. Thoresen, chairman of the Norwegian Club in London, who was talking to Norwegian-born Mrs. Peto Bennet and Swedish-born Mrs. Kempster.

Mrs. Gerald Legge, looking very glamorous with a red velvet hat and black dress, was busy among the guests; she is a Councillor of Westminster and like her colleagues is very proud of their fine Council Room in the Westminster City Hall, which had to be rebuilt, owing to bomb damage, after the war. Sir Parker Morris was present, also Alderman Col. J. A. Mulholland and the Hon. Vere Eliot.

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THE "little season" ended with one of the biggest weddings of the year. This was the marriage of the Hon. Patrick Lindsay, second son of the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, to Lady Amabel Yorke, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke. The ceremony, which was conducted by Father R. Gates, Mgr. A. N. Gilbey and Mgr. Ronald Knox, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, where large vases of white chrysanthemums, white lilac, white lilies and scarlet poinsettias decorated each side of the chancel steps of this beautiful church.

The bride, who was given away by her father, is a lovely girl and wore an exquisite dress. This was Pierre Balmain's embroidered white lace wedding dress with a wide band of white velvet inset around the full skirt, forming into a lovers' knot at the back where the skirt fell into a long train. She wore a coronet of white gardenias to hold her short tulle veil in place, and short white gloves, and carried a cluster bouquet of white roses, lilies and gardenias.

THE bride had designed her bridesmaids' dresses, which were enchanting. The three little girls, Lady Rose and Lady Victoria Yorke, sisters of the bride, and Arabella Sykes, wore ballet-length frocks of white organdie with tight-fitting bodices and organdie skirts over slightly longer hooped crinolines of striped emerald green satin and white corded silk, with emerald green satin sashes. Instead of the usual floral headdresses, they wore emerald green satin bows arranged in a very original way with long ends. Like the bride, they wore short white gloves and carried posies of white flowers. The three pages, Hugh Fraser, cousin of the bride, the Hon. James Cecil and the Hon. Robert Fermor-Hesketh wore long white corded silk trousers and emerald green satin jackets with white organdie collars, cuffs and jabots. Among the ushers in

[Continued overleaf]



## A CHRISTMASTIME BRIDE —LADY AMABEL YORKE

AT St. James's, Spanish Place, Lady Amabel Yorke, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, married the Hon. Patrick Lindsay, second son of the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres. Above, they are leaving the church; below, the bridal attendants, including Hugh Fraser, the Hon. James Cecil and the Hon. Robert Fermor-Hesketh, Lady Rose and Lady Victoria Yorke and Arabella Sykes







A RECENT ENGAGEMENT: Lady Anne Coke, the twenty-three year old eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leicester, of Holkham Hall, Norfolk, and her fiancé the Hon. Colin Tennant, eldest son and heir of Lord Glenconner, of Glen, Innerleithen, who have recently announced their engagement. Mr. Tennant is twenty-nine

## Continuing Social Journal

### Wedding reception at Spanish Embassy

the church I noticed the bridegroom's youngest brother, the Hon. Thomas Lindsay, his cousin Mr. Tom Arnander, and the bride's brother, Viscount Royston.

**H**.E. THE DUQUE DE PRIMO DE RIVERA, the Spanish Ambassador, kindly lent his fine Embassy in Belgrave Square for the reception. Here the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, the latter very chic in a black velvet suit with which she had worn a sable tie in the church, and little blue hat, with the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, the Countess in a brown silk dress which she had worn under a brown velvet coat with a little feather-trimmed hat, received the long stream of guests who must have numbered around seven hundred. These included two of the Comte de Paris's attractive daughters, Princess Isabella and Princess Elaine.

Many members of both families were present. The bridegroom's elder brother, Lord Balniel, was there with his wife, also the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury and their daughter-in-law, Viscountess Cranborne, with one of her small sons, and Lady Anne Fummi with her daughter Francesca, who had arrived down from Scotland that morning. Also present were Sir Reginald and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, with Mr. John Manningham-Buller and his bride, the Hon. James and Mrs. Lindsay with Stephen and Julia Lindsay, Lady Katharine Nicholson and her daughter Rose, Lady Barbara Hurst, Mrs. Dykes, Mr. Nat Lindley and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell-Gray. Also the bride's cousins, the Earl and Countess of Leicester, with their daughters Lady Anne Coke, accompanied by her fiancé, the Hon. Colin Tennant, who had announced their engagement that morning, and Lady Carey Coke, very pretty in red.

**P**AMELA LADY GLENCONNER, wearing a light blue swansdown hat, was there with her younger son the Hon. James Tennant, and his Greek-born bride. The Duchess of Buccleuch, who looked charming in brown velvet, was accompanied by her sister, Mrs.

Diana Daly, who was in blue. The Countess of Eldon, a strikingly good-looking figure, wore a large velvet hat, and I saw the Earl of Scarbrough quietly talking to friends in a corner. Nearby Mr. Simon Combe was talking to Mr. Geoff. Todd, another member of Whites, of whom there were many at this lovely wedding. The Spanish Ambassador was walking around the big suite of reception rooms in his Embassy greeting many friends.

I saw the Countess of Lindsay accompanied by her daughters Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune, Margherita Lady Howard de Walden in great form and meeting many friends from Scotland, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Lady Sykes, whose small daughter Arabella was one of the bridesmaids, Mrs. Brocas Burrows and her daughter Jennifer talking to Mr. Teddy Remington-Hobbs, Miss Sheran Cazalet, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Meriel Gold, Mrs. Cosmo Crawley and two of her daughters, Mr. Esmond Baring, Mr. Peter Laycock, Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett who told me his wife had already left for Scotland to make last-minute Christmas arrangements, and Mr. "Chips" Channon, M.P., sitting on a sofa beneath some fine tapestries, talking to Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell.

**A**MONG the many attractive young marrieds I noticed Lady Mary Bailey, Mrs. Sandy Gilmour in navy blue with touches of white, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Brand, and the Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta, who has since been spending Christmas at Chequers with her husband, who was on duty as one of the Prime Minister's private secretaries. Sir Anthony and Lady Eden incidentally had quite a big party for Christmas there, including his son, Nicholas, and the newly appointed Lord Privy Seal, Mr. "Rab" Butler, with his youngest son and daughter.

There were no speeches, but after the bride and bridegroom had cut their magnificent wedding cake, Mr. Raymond Bonham-Carter, who was best man, asked everyone to join in drinking the health of Amabel and Patrick. The bride and bridegroom flew out forty-eight hours later to India, where they are the guests of the Maharajah and Maharani of Jaipur, for their honeymoon.

Around Christmas and the New Year there are always a lot of cocktail parties. A very enjoyable one was given by Mrs. Jean Garland in her charming Farm Street house, which she has decorated with such taste. Her son, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, was there with his fiancée, Miss Gillian Hewitt; they are to be married in London next week.

The hostess's sister, Mrs. Jack Thursby and her husband, who have a lovely home in Grosvenor Square, were there, also the Spanish Ambassador, and I met Sir Simon and Lady Marks who were admiring the beautifully lit pictures on the walls, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills, who have as usual had a succession of friends to stay for shooting in their Norfolk home during the autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Williams, who were off to spend Christmas at their Cornish home, and Lord Ashcombe, who was talking to Mrs. Enid Cameron. Princess Djordjodze was saying goodbye to friends, as she was leaving by air a couple of days later for Nassau where she was being joined by her husband.

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**T**HE Cresta Ball is always immense fun—not only is it a great gathering of winter sports enthusiasts who are habitués of St. Moritz, but it is also always exceptionally well run. Unfortunately Viscountess Knollys, chairman of the Ball Committee, was not able to be present at the last moment, but her very hard-working committee who had done wonders were all there. They included Lady Brabazon, Mrs. John Crammond, Mrs. Anthony Duncan, Mrs. Henry Martineau, Mrs. Douglas Connor, Mrs. Eric Rylands and Mrs. Vernon Pope, the untiring honorary secretary, who looked charming in white embroidered in gold and crystals.

Viscount Knollys was at the ball with his brother-in-law, Lt.-Col. James Coats, President of the Club and a great devotee of the Cresta Run on which he has excelled for many years, including winning the Cresta Grand National five times.

**L**ORD GRIMTHORPE, another gallant veteran of the Cresta, who has been down this hazardous run for fifty-three years, was in Col. Coats's party with Lady Grimthorpe. Before the cabaret came on he performed a delightful task on behalf of all members of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club—he presented Lord Brabazon with a beautiful silver cigarette box made by Cartier, bearing on the lid an exact replica in gold of a tobaggan with a sliding seat, while engraved inside the lid were Lord Brabazon's achievements on the Cresta since 1913. These included winning the coveted blue riband of the Cresta, the Curzon Cup, three times.

Lord Brabazon was president of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club for fifteen years and retired last January. It is possible that without him the club would not be functioning today, for he and Col. Coats started the Run again and kept it going in those difficult years after the war.

Lord Brabazon, in a short speech thanking everyone, said he would be out in St. Moritz again this year and would be going down the Cresta again. This year the run will only be opened from "Junction," and in future owing to the great expense of building it, the president did not think it would be open from "Top" more than every third year. The Services Race, I heard, is due to take place on the Cresta on February 4, and the Curzon Cup on February 16 and 17.

The Swiss Minister and Mme. Daeniker were present at the ball, also other St. Moritz personalities, including the Hon. Ben Bathurst and his wife, Sir Basil Tangye



who was in Lord and Lady Brabazon's party which also included their son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Derek and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon, Miss Venetia Henderson, Miss Monica Michelle and Mr. Simon Barrow. Mr. Douglas Connor, the Canadian holder of the world's record from Top and Junction, and his very pretty wife, who was in black, had a big party including Col. and Mrs. A. A. Duncan, Mr. John Schlesinger, and Mr. Fairchilds McCarthy, that great personality who annually comes over from America to act as the very efficient secretary of the Club in St. Moritz. He had arrived from Boston the day before the ball.

Mr. John Crammond and Mr. Carl Nater, the vice-presidents, were both there with their wives, also Mr. Aris Vatimbella, an intrepid rider over from Paris, Sir Dudley Cunliffe-Owen, who has ridden on the Cresta for two or three seasons, Sir James Corry, Capt. the Hon. J. Mitford and Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Stoneham over from Le Touquet, where they told me much rebuilding and many improvements are being made before next season. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martineau were in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Pope and their son, Mr. Victor Pope, who a couple of years ago did a 45.8 from Junction, which was a record for a schoolboy. The Popes and their son, like the Derek Moore-Brabazons, Mr. Fairchilds McCarthy and several of the other guests, were going to St. Moritz for Christmas or the New Year for the start of what promises to be a wonderful season out there.

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THE Boxing Day race meeting at Kempton Park is always very well attended. This year the Queen Mother, accompanied by Lady Worsley, motored down from Sandringham to see her horse Devon Loch run (alas, unplaced) in the valuable King George VI Steeplechase. This race was won by Mr. J. Davey's fine chaser Limber Hill, after a most exciting finish. He passed Lady Orde's Galloway Braes, who had made most of the running, just after the last fence to win by a neck! The next race, the Egham Novices' Hurdle Race, saw the success of perhaps one of the best young hurdlers in training. This was Major Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan's beautifully bred three-year-old Roman Festival.

Among the many spectators I saw the Duchess of Norfolk in brown tweeds with her good-looking mother, the Countess of Rosebery, and the Earl of Rosebery, who had travelled down from Scotland the night before to see their new granddaughter, the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Primrose, who was born on Christmas Eve. Mr. Jock and Lady Margaret Colville came with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet's party from Fairlawne, which also included Miss Sheran Cazalet and Mr. Richard Strutt. Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Sir Horace Evans, the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison, Major and Mrs. Derek Wigan, Lady Helen Smith, Mr. Dick Wilkins, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John White, Mr. John Rogerson, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, Mr. John Ferguson, Mr. Guy Lawrence, Sir Nigel Mordaunt and Earl Cadogan were among the real enthusiasts racing.

Others included Colonel Giles Loder, Mr. Stephen and Lady Ursula Vernon, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby who are keener supporters of the "flat," Mr. Roy Hobson who told me he had enjoyed a very gay Christmas luncheon with Rose Marchioness of Headfort, who always has a party at her pleasant Elsworth Road house, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril and Lady Douglas-Pennant, Mrs. Bea Moresby who came with Mrs. Cazalet Keir, and Commander and Mrs. Scott-Miller with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Midwood, whose Ballycastle won the first race.

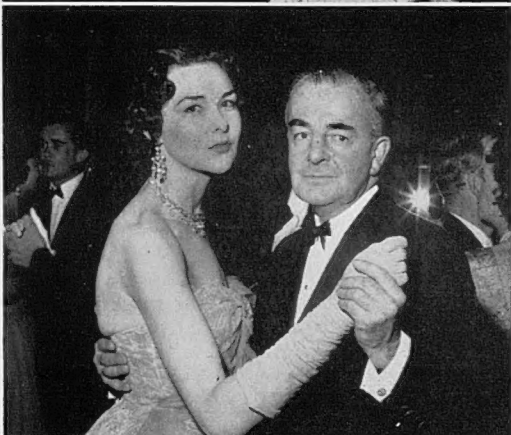


THE CHILDREN'S AID BALL at the May Fair Hotel was a most successful pre-Christmas event. Above left: Mrs. Gerald Legge talking to Mr. Ivan Foxwell. Right: Lord and Lady Colwyn who were busy selling raffle tickets

Lord Melchett, who is the third baron, and Miss Linda Metcalfe



Mr. John Goulondris and Lady Melchett were having a drink together



Mrs. John Wyndham, who lives at beautiful Petworth House, dancing with Earl Beatty

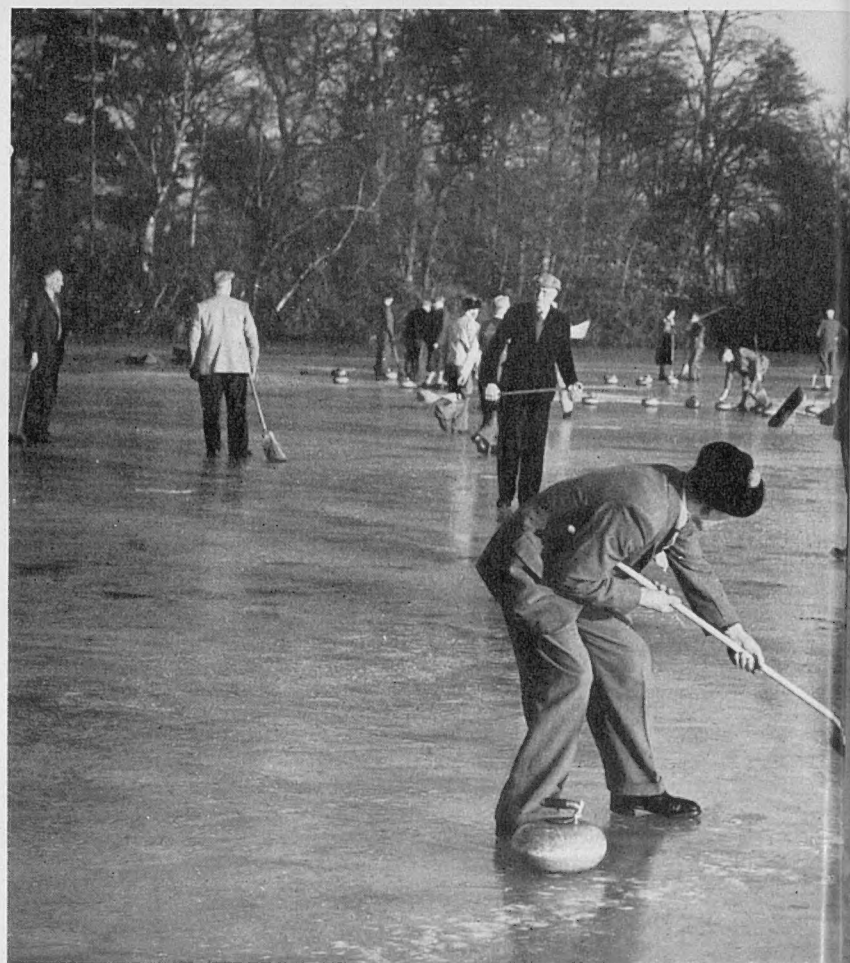


Miss Elizabeth Hoyer-Millar was chatting with the Earl of Wilton

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lewis, Mlle. Eliote Mouret and Mr. Peregrine Fellowes. The ball was to help the Invalid Children's Aid Association







## "STONES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO MOVE"

• PETER DICKINSON •

"CURLING?" I said.

"Curling," replied the tall man who was jammed between the tallboy and the wall. The party was thick but lumpy, like a bad white sauce; the cocktail itself was pale yellow and smelt faintly of hospitals; though the evening had only just begun the conversation in the room was already shrill with incipient hysteria.

"I have a picture of it in my mind's eye," I said. "The 1956 Olympic Finals, say. The Egyptian team skates out on to the arena, enormous men but inclined to carry their weight very low on the body; then the Uruguayans, swart, wiry, excitable; both teams heavily padded and brandishing their tongs. . . ."

"No," said the square man. "It's not like that. Come and see if you'd like to."

He nudged his way across the room like an ice-breaker through pack-ice, mimed his farewell to a girl whom he must have thought to be our hostess, and left. I caught him up on the stairs. We drove through streets glossy with rain down to Twickenham, where there is an ice-rink by the river, a long, bright hall with seats in two tiers all round. The arena itself is a rectangle of ice the colour of watered milk, patterned at either end with the target-like tees of the curlers. We leaned on a radiator and watched the forty-pound kettle-shaped stones moving up and down the long rink at a walking-pace, with, occasionally, a couple of curlers prancing before, one sweeping its path with brooms. As we leaned the square man explained to me how this differed from the pastime I had envisaged.

THE game appears to be Flemish in origin, but since the sixteenth century its priests and prophets, its heroes and adherents, have been almost exclusively Scottish. The Scots embraced the game with a fervour that bred a whole literature and a way of life: in 1638 one of the charges brought in the "process" against the Bishop of Orkney was that he "was a curler on the Sabbath-day." (He must have neglected his see considerably to achieve this; there is never enough ice to play anywhere near there.) And in 1916 my great-uncle was trying to build some ships to help in the current war; one fine frosty morning he was riding to work when he met his workmen, the foreman among them, coming from the shipyard. "Where are ye off to?" said the foreman. "The yards," answered my uncle. "Man," cried the foreman, "there's ice!"

Now, though, the game is becoming international: the Royal Caledonian Curling Club divides Great Britain into thirty-five provinces, those in the South-West area reading as follows: AYR, BUTE, DUMFRIES, KIRKCUDBRIGHT, LANARK, RENFREW, WIGTOWN, ENGLAND.

There are several clubs in the big English towns. About half the members of the London Club are expatriate Scots or near-Scots. The rest are almost all English. The game is played enthusiastically in Canada, the U.S.A., Switzerland and Norway.

For those who like to know the main rules: there are four players to a team; each team delivers alternate stones, each player two; when all have been delivered points are scored for the number of stones that one team has nearer the tee—the centre of the target—than the nearest stone belonging to the opposing team; a team may affect the progress of its own stones down the rink by sweeping just in front of them, which makes them travel farther; each team has a "skip" to direct operations; a curve can be imparted to the path of a stone by making it rotate on its vertical axis; when all the stones have been delivered the teams play back towards the other end; a game consists of a given amount of ends, or lasts a given time.

Curling is rife with tradition. It has a language of its own, in which practically every verb and noun in the preceding paragraph ought to have been written; it would then have been delightful to the ear and very pleasingly incomprehensible. There is also a traditional ceremony of initiation, traditional cries and signs with which the skip directs his team, and so on.

On the other hand the game is always slowly changing: it had been played in Scotland for three hundred years (a curling stone dated 1511 has been found in a pond—there must have been a rather sudden thaw) before, in about 1800, it was discovered that it was possible to make the stone follow a curved path. As technique develops, rules alter, sometimes to curb and sometimes to keep pace with current practice. For instance, a player usually slides a little way up the rink as he delivers his stone, but until a Canadian schoolboy managed to slide its whole length and deposit his stone on the tee no rule governing the length of permissible slide seems to have been necessary.

In spite of change it is hard to find anyone (and there are plenty of curlers who have been playing for fifty years) who is prepared to make much of an oration about the good old days, to grunt that indoor rinks are ruining the game, to evoke the extra excitement of the time when one relied on frost for one's ice and there was a kick about being able to





Above: Business with brushes is an important part of the game. Left and right: Curling induces in its devotees a pleasure approaching the beatific. Pictures from winter gatherings in Scotland

play at all. The London club plays from September to April, and one would have thought that someone would take the opportunity to complain about it. They would have a hundred years ago; there is more than a note of piqued nostalgia in the writings of a James Brown, Esq., Secretary of the Sanquhar Curling Society, *fl.* 1880:

"The game involves (we speak of it as played in its real, original style, not in the easy-asy dawdling manner of some genteel city clubs) an amount of physical exertion that keeps the blood in free circulation, imparting a healthy and ruddy glow to the countenance, while an onlooker stands muffled up to the eyes with a cold, pinched look."

But is James Brown to be trusted? Is he representative? A fresh fountain of doubt wells up two pages later when he says:

"The social influences of the game are of the most healthful and agreeable kind. . . . Noblemen, clergymen, lairds, farmers, shopkeepers, tradesmen, labourers, all meet on common ground, the conventionalities of social life are set aside, and the greatest freedom of intercourse allowed. . . . Noblemen and country gentlemen find that they do not suffer any loss of dignity, and other classes experience in the society of their 'betters' a refinement of manners."

It is hard to feel that a man who pleads that the game ought to be played in a blizzard, because it is good for you and socially uplifting into the bargain, really enjoys curling itself very much. And there isn't much easy-asy dawdling on indoor rinks nowadays. There isn't even the feeling that the game is manlier, or at least heartier, played in the open. Players talk about technical differences: indoor ice is faster but does not let one put nearly so marked a curve on the path of the stone (outdoor ice in Switzerland has both advantages).

But there is one considerable difference: ice with water under it is much more resonant. Curling is known as the Roaring Game from the noise the stones made moving along the ice; curling literature is full of phrases like, "Black and strong was the ice, which roared under the hastily flung stones." Rinks are quieter.

A year or two ago the B.B.C. did a broadcast on the game and in the course of it decided to demonstrate the roar. They asked for utter silence on the rink; the ice was cleared; the whisky-drinkers round the edge were hushed and shushed at; silence became so deep that it felt almost solid, and in the midst of it a stone slid over the white ice, attended by several obsequious microphones. The stone whispered into the microphones, a technician turned the amplifiers up as far as they would go, and suddenly the stone and the ice roared together, roared, it is true, as gently as any sucking dove, but still with the same sound that used to draw the masons, cobblers, lairds and farmers across iron fields to the hill-surrounded lochs where, man, there was ice.







## Roundabout

**Paul Holt**

PROFESSOR T. H. PEAR, Emeritus Professor of Psychology at Manchester University, is interested in research concerning the relation of speaking and appearance to judgments of personality, but in his off-time he has written a fascinating, although over-written, book, *English Social Differences* (G. Allen & Unwin, 18s.).

His conclusion is that social differences have changed so thoroughly since 1940 that a new assessment is necessary.

There remain, however, some traces of the old order of levelling, such as "... a widespread tendency to dislike, simply or ambivalently, a way of speaking attributed to a class above the hearer's, to regard with affectionate amusement the speech

of a definitely lower class, and with unloving scorn the speech of the class just below that of the listener's."

I AM surprised that Professor Pear does not discuss the most important of all postwar phenomena, more important by far even than clothes, which is the hirsute, or even herbaceous, habit of the male with his hair. The quiff is now forward to an extravagant degree, the beard, which has superseded the wartime R.A.F. moustache, becomes each month more windswept and fierce. The male is beginning to show off again.

But the professor makes one most interesting comment about sport.

A medical student, aged twenty-

three, gives as the reason why he dislikes Rugby football that his feelings are Leftish. He feels that in Scotland all Rugby players are drawn from the Right. A social science student, aged twenty-two, commented "Everybody knows how to play soccer, but only relatively few people who are better educated play Rugger. Besides, the girls who are most attractive watch Rugger, while there are very few in a football crowd."

HERE the student stumbles over himself, for he goes on to remark: "If you play Rugger in the district in which I play, your name appears in the paper, but soccer teams don't." So it is not clear whether he wants girls or



publicity. Probably both. Most men do.

And what is the difference between an aristocrat and a gentleman? An aristocrat if he loses smiles, and goes to the guillotine, the scaffold or obscurity, keeping his counsel to the last. But a gentleman, who will never allow his mind to rule his heart, will always succumb to strong and well-advocated sentiment.

So Professor Pear. It is a book well worth reading, for he has taken time and trouble to study these swiftly changing times.

★ ★ ★

IT is well known that children make magnificent paintings, and Daisy Ashford's *The Young Visitors* is a superb example of a child's view of grown-up living (I do not lend myself to the libel that J. M. Barrie wrote it himself).

But story-telling in children is generally absurd and often crude. So I was surprised to meet a young man named Christopher Matthews, who is a friend of Graham Greene. He has written a short story at the age of thirteen which has a real O. Henry flavour about it.

Young Christopher has spent most of his life in Paris and this is a story of a Paris tramp. All his life he has spent his nights sleeping under one of the bridges of the Seine. Then one day he wins the big prize in the P.M.U. lottery. His friends gather to advise him what to do with his fortune. A yacht? That's not a lot. A château on the Loire? A bit provincial. A Cadillac car (light blue)? That would only be satisfactory if you sat inside, smoking a big cigar while the chauffeur sat in front in the rain.

So the argument of his fellow tramps goes.

Finally our hero makes up his mind. He buys the bridge across the Seine under which he slept so long—and goes back to sleep there again.

★ ★ ★

IT seemed to me that the controversy that has broken out about the accuracy of Sir Laurence Olivier's film of Shakespeare's *Richard III* is pretty old stuff. To be sure, he has used a lot of Colley Cibber, Garrick and Sir Thomas More. Some of it is taken word for word from More.

But why not? Shakespeare was a craftsman. He would steal from the devil (although More was a saint) and sup with him with a short spoon. And Olivier isn't the first man to play games with a Shakespeare text.

Once in Hollywood, I was dining with a friend named Charles Bennett and in his bookshelf I found a treasured possession. His father was a London stage manager and had bequeathed to his son the great Kean's own reading copies of the Shakespeare plays. Now, Kean was no fool. He knew well that the tragedy of King Lear could be thrown quite out of gear if you had too good a Fool. He had cut every line of the Fool and written in "Trumpets and Alarums."



THE RT. HON. HUGH TODD NAYLOR GAITSKELL, C.B.E., educated at Winchester and New College, made his first bid for fame with vigorous support of the Left Wing assault on democracy in the General Strike of 1926, whilst he was at Oxford. Experience with the Workers' Educational Association preceded four strenuous war years in the Civil Service. He entered the House in 1945, where he was fortunate in becoming Minister of Fuel and Power in 1947, after the memorable Shinwell Winter. ("I have never had a great many baths myself," he observed on taking office.) Later, after the abrupt disappearance of Mr. Dalton from the major political scene, and the retirement of Sir Stafford Cripps, he succeeded briefly to the Exchequer. The last lap of the tide of Left Wing sentiment which swept the "intellectuals" of public schools and universities in the twenties and thirties has now beached him upon the foreshore of the Opposition





## At the Races

### HARD ARE THE STEWARDS' TRIALS

**GOOD OMEN FOR MEET.** When they met at the Fox and Hounds, Barley, Herts, recently, the Puckeridge moved off under the unique inn sign showing a pack in full cry. The sign is a replica of the original one, which was destroyed when the inn was damaged by fire

**T**HE new Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and his family have had more to do with the hunting field than the turf, though the new steward has always taken a lively interest in horse racing and is of the company of that courageous and long-suffering body, the owners. He was formally a 17th Lancer, and is not one who is content with just the bare honour of his Stewardship, for he is a hard worker with the progressive spirit very highly developed.

This, naturally, is a very great asset in anyone. No one I should think would envy any Steward of the Jockey Club his job in these times in which we live, for it is no sinecure, and quite often more kicks than ha'pence attach to it. But that is usually the fate that overtakes all public-spirited self-sacrificing people.

**L**ORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE has been Master or joint-Master of the Warwickshire three times—1920-30, 1930-32 and 1932-35, and the family has always been fonder of hound music than the roar of the ring. The "old" Lord Willoughby was just about as famous in 1839-56 as a hound breeder as the historic Corbet (1791) and the eighteenth holder of the title also earned fame as a Master of Hounds, and was for part of his time joint with Mr. Jos Fielden. Greville Lord Willoughby de Broke was a good amateur actor, and a keen politician, and had a way with hecklers, who were never able to catch him at a loss for a riposte. He was a good hound man and very keen on the science of fox-hunting.

Warwickshire is not an easy country to ride over, in fact on the stiff side, and some people have even said as difficult as the

Fernie; but, personally, I have good reason for thinking that the latter wins. The Billesdon, or South Quorn, has always been a snorter ever since the days of "young" Dick Sutton, 1853-56. He was a son of Sir Richard of the Quorn, and was given the Billesdon side because it was believed to be so stiff that it would stop him from pressing on hounds, a pastime of which he was very fond. History says that it did nothing of the sort, and that this intrepid young thruster took no notice of the double oxers or other obstacles which were then quite plentiful, and even at a later time were still to be met with. There was always plenty of timber for those who are fond of that sort of thing.

**R**EVERTING, however, to the trials of Stewards. They are many and various. I recall one rather amusing case of a man whose horse had won when he did not want it so to do, and who accompanied the jockey back to the scales with such a terrible avalanche of bad language that the

stewards requested his presence after the last race. Amongst the stewards was one who was very fond of port, and by the time he arrived in the stewards' room was very far advanced in condition.

When the culprit arrived the thirsty steward said with an elaborate amount of embroidery to his language: "What the blank blank blank do you want you blank blank blank?" The culprit replied: "Plaze sorr oi'm here for using abusuv language." This was rather awkward, of course, but it did not alter the eventual sentence which was to put the wicked man off the course for the rest of the meeting. This was rather hard luck, because, after all, his horse had won.

**O**NLY time will show whether the statement prepared by the Duke of Norfolk, the retiring Senior Steward, and addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will have any effect. Amongst other things, this statement on the financial position of racing will tell the Chancellor that the Stewards think it is high time that the heavy burden of entertainment duty on racing should be lightened. Everyone has been aware of this for a very long time past, but nothing has happened. Now, however, we seem to have arrived at a point when it is either help the turf or put up the shutters!

We know very well that some people have very little sympathy with racing and think that it would not be a bad thing if it were abolished! They speak without knowledge, because the racecourse is closely linked with the breeding industry, which does bring in a considerable revenue. Do we want this to continue or don't we? If we do, this is really an SOS and like other signals of its kind, should be answered promptly.

— SABRETACHE







*Miss H. Harford, Miss Susan Bazley,  
Mr. H. Brunner and Mr. J. Percival*

## THE BERKELEY'S BALL

THE BERKELEY HUNT had a very enjoyable ball at Haresfield Court, the home of Major and Mrs. Tim Heywood. In days past these hounds hunted from Berkeley Square, in London, to Berkeley Castle, by the Severn. Right: The hosts, Major and Mrs. Tim Heywood, wait for the guests to arrive



*Miss Diana Goodman, Miss Patricia Swinley,  
Mr. M. Jenkin (left) and Mr. W. Swinley*

*Mr. Colin Maddox and Miss Carol Mountfort standing by  
the dance floor, which was in a marquee next to the house*



*The Joint-Master, Capt. R. G. W. Berkeley, at a table with  
the Earl and Countess of Ducie and Mrs. Anthony Kershaw*

*Mr. M. Gemmell and the Hon. Judith Browne,  
daughter of Lord Oranmore and Browne*

*William Morris*





A QUEEN'S GOD-DAUGHTER. Miss Alexandra Octavie Devaux, only daughter of Mrs. Ernest Devaux, works in Paris for the Western European Union and lives in Neuilly. Miss Devaux is a god-daughter of the Queen-Mother of Rumania

F. J. Goodman

## Priscilla in Paris

### LITTLE CORNER SHOP

JUST around the corner from where I live there is a little stationery shop.

It is kept by two elderly ladies, who allude to each other as *mon amie* with the air of suggesting "we are on an equal footing, this shop is *ours*!" They are sometimes slow in finding what one wants, they then look severely at each other. *Habitués*, however, know where things are kept and can direct them.

These charming ladies also take great trouble to make neat parcels of the smallest purchase. Unfortunately, neither of them has ever acquired the knack of cutting off the right length of string or the necessary piece of wrapping paper. Their struggles to tie up a packet of inexpensive envelopes in far too small or too large a sheet of expensive paper, that will not fold properly and has to be thrown hurriedly under the counter, are painful to watch.

THEY are always a little shocked—and relieved, I hope—when I insist on slipping my purchases into the big pockets of my shopping coat. I have not yet dared to explain that I do it for the good of the house. I find it quite heart-breaking to imagine them poring over their accounts and wondering why it is that they lose money on certain items.

I am glad to add that they have had bumper sales for their Christmas cards this year; not that they sold the greatly-demanded reproductions of Van Gogh, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, and other Impressionists; their mood inclines towards frosted snow-scenes, plump robins, mistletoe tied with lover's knots, all inscribed with the traditional

*Meilleurs Vœux* . . . printed in England!

At time of writing, Paris is in a holiday mood. The elections hold forth threats as well as promises, and we feel that being without a Government for a while is quite a relief. There have been many *premières* at which the absence of the usual political lions was noticeable, the poor creatures being busily engaged on the rough side of their job. They probably would have enjoyed themselves far more at the opening night of the new show at the Lido than chivvying their constituents over hill and dale, bearding them in hovel and manor for man-to-man talks, and all the rest of the tarradiddlesome business.

ENTITLED *Voulez-vous*, the show called for the reply "RA-ther!" and we were offered a really lovely entertainment. The famous Lido lassies, alias the Bluebell girls, are indescribably gorgeous with or without the magnificent costumes they adorn. Pierre Louis Guerin and René Fraday have been working over the production for the last six months with the usual successful result. And what a "house." There may have been no Ministers, not even an Under-Secretary (and therefore no *gardes républicains* in their best white pants to line the staircase), but there was Royalty in abundance. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the Princess of Yugoslavia, the Princess Liechtenstein, and, of course, all the *beau-monde* of the Arts, Society, Stage and Screen.

Salvador Dali came on from the Sorbonne, where he had been lecturing on the "Phenomenological aspects of the paranoical method of criticism." I take no responsibility about this—I was not at the Sorbonne, and I have

merely copied from the book of the words, this being the notebook of a young confrère. I cannot vouch for his accuracy, for I noticed that he mentioned the presence of Audrey Hepburn and her husband: "Hell" Ferrer! From friends who were at the Sorbonne I hear that the noble Hidalgo left rather earlier than was expected. Realising that his brand of humour was not to the taste of the students who formed the greater part of his audience, the lecturer suddenly disappeared via what the French, so graphically, call *une porte dérobée*, leaving Serge Lifar, who had introduced him, to hold the baby!

AT the Châtelet there is a new, spectacular, musical play *Méditerranée*, starring Tino Rossi, who is the first *chanteur de charme* to be awarded the Legion of Honour, which delights his fans. These come from every *milieu* and are of every age from Bobby-soxers to Agèd Crones. Tino himself is a young forty-nine, but no longer quite the slim troubadour, complete with guitar, who enchanted amateurs of *il bel* (and velvety) *canto* a quarter-of-a-century ago.

There are too many new shows to write of this week, but they will keep. What must be seen at once is the "Century of Art and of Railroad Travel Exhibition" at the galerie Charpentier in the faubourg St. Honoré. There are models of engines, past, present and . . . future! Scenes of railway travel, of stations, of lovers' meetings and (woe is me) lovers' partings. Impressions, studies, portraits, or what-you-will, of famous travellers (and their ravishing ladies) by all the great artists since trains began. One entrancing collection of paintings and puff-puffs.

An enormously enjoyable exhibition.

### Parc aux autres

● It cannot really be so difficult to find parking-room considering the number of people who have managed to do so everywhere one goes!





*Mr. Fairchild MacCarthy, U.S.A. secretary of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, and Mrs. Douglas W. Connor*

## A CRESTA OCCASION

THE Cresta Ball given by the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club at the Savoy included the presentation to the retiring president, Lord Brabazon, of a silver cigarette box



*Miss Jan Hagenbach and Mr. Keith Schellenberg, the Cresta rider, had won a basket of apples at the tombola. Jennifer describes the occasion on p. 7*

*The Hon. Philip Cunliffe-Lister and the Hon. Mrs. Jock Skeffington*

*Lady Brabazon, Lord Grimthorpe, Lord Brabazon and Mrs. A. A. Duncan*

*Mrs. J. Wilson, Major and Mrs. W. Hewitt admire Col. J. Dillon's prize*



*Miss Venetia Henderson and Mr. Simon Barrow at a table in the ballroom*



*Mr. Hugh Wentworth-Ping, Mrs. Vernon Pope, ball secretary, and Mr. M. Martineau*



*Desmond O'Neill  
Mrs. Tucker, Mr. W. E. Tucker and Mrs. Noel Ford were three guests*



## At the Theatre

## THE NURSERY TIGERS

Anthony Cookman

Illustration by Emmwood



THE theatre is a place where crazy things are done every other day, and sometimes they turn out staggeringly well. Stage adaptations of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Treasure Island* were once, I suppose, cases in point. To turn Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women* into a big musical may not be such a crazy idea as it sounds, but there is a smack of the heroic about it, and it strikes me as a little odd that those in charge of the enterprise should be the authors of that sophisticated revue *Intimacy at 8.30*.

It gave me quite a trembly feeling to see these witty tigers set to play with the most innocent lamb that ever charmed the nurseries of our grandmothers. Would they not at any moment give way to their natural instincts and mercilessly rend the little pet to pieces?

NOTHING so terrible happens in *A Girl Called Jo*, at the Piccadilly. The evening might in some ways be more enjoyable if it did. Mr. Peter Myers, Mr. Alec Grahame and Mr. David Clymie curl themselves drowsily down beside the lamb and let her gambol and frisk much as she will. In only two of the lyrics are the sharp claws of the revue-writer bared a little alarmingly. You are advised accordingly to take all your cherished memories of the book with you to the Piccadilly and revel in their naïve and orderly enactment to the accompaniment of frequent songs.

If you have no cherished memories, that will be too bad; for you may feel—at any rate in the first half of the show—that there is a quite overwhelming lot of narrative and that while all of it is wholesome, much of it is insipid.

YOU will be told how Jo, Meg, Amy and Beth acted Jo's play in the New England drawing-room; how Laurie came to fall in love with the madcap sister; how Jo could not find it in her heart to love Laurie, though she liked him awfully; how Jo came to offend her rich aunt and lose her trip to Europe; how Amy takes her place and marries Laurie there; how Beth dies; and how Jo finds there is something to be said for a husband and embraces the devotion of a high-minded if somewhat dim schoolmaster.

All these events, and many more, are set out with bright touches of period manner and colour. Frankly, much is made of the girlishness of the girls, of the sweetness of their mother, of the neighbourliness of the rich neighbour, and no villainy nor meanness of motive is allowed to cast an intrusive shadow across the domestic scene. Only nature is a little cruel, causing father, who is at the Civil War, to be wounded and Beth to die. The death of Beth is said to be one of the most touching of death scenes in children's literature; but on the stage it hardly lives up to its reputation.

A GREAT deal of the burden of this gentle story-telling is borne by Miss Joan Heal, a lively comedienne and a forthright singer. The second half of the show lightens her burden. A sudden consciousness seems to come over the authors that they are trying rather high the patience of those who have not read the book and are simply looking for a musical show with a period flavour. They suddenly produce a long and strikingly irrelevant ballet illustrating the wickedness and the gaiety of Europe contrasted with the purity and dullness of New England. Miss Virginia Vernon—the Amy of New England—discards her bloomers for a ballerina's conventional wear and shows herself a most attractive dancer.

The ballet may be long, but it is consistently lively and there is no denying it is a relief from the rigours of girlish romance. There is still a great deal more of this romance to come, but we return to it refreshed from our dive into modernity.

Mr. Denis Quilley sings the romantic Laurie on a note that is musically true but not always sufficiently resonant for a big theatre; and Miss Noel Dyson is all sweetness as the mother.

"LITTLE WOMEN" to music is the story of *A Girl Called Jo*. The heroine (Joan Heal) appeals to literary inspiration to decide the choice between her two suitors, Professor Bhaer (Peter Dyneley), a study in absent-mindedness, and Laurie (Denis Quilley), who has eligibility and charm



Houston Rogers

DOROTHY TUTIN, firmly established in the front rank of our young players by her acting in *The Living Room*, *I Am a Camera*, and *The Lark*, now gives a performance of the most touching simplicity as the pathetic fourteen-year-old Hedwig in Ibsen's powerful drama, *The Wild Duck*. This is the first of six classic plays which John Clements is putting on at the Saville Theatre for eight-week seasons. The all-star cast of *The Wild Duck* is headed by Emlyn Williams, Angela Baddeley, George Relph and Michael Gough

## London Limelight

### Ballet's madcap

#### cousin

THE blithe spirit of invention is the rarest of birds in the theatre, so when it does begin to chirrup, it deserves a respectful hail. Mr. John Cranko, hitherto known as a creator of ballets, has devised, at the Watergate Theatre Club, an entertainment which derives almost solely from his own invention. It is called *Cranks*, and if it must be classified, it is a skylarky neighbour of the revue, the ballet, the pierrot show and the charade.

It has an all-purpose set by John Piper, a decoration in planes pointed by stag's heads, hat-stands, bird-cages, candles and wreaths—a very quirky gaggle of flotsam. It has music by John Addison performed on a harp, a harpsichord and a piano. It has three young men in jeans, Messrs. Gilbert Vernon, Anthony Newley and Gordon

Heath, the last-named a coloured New Yorker known as a guitarist. It has Marcia Ashton, a blonde enchantress in fishnet tights and black velvet.

At the conclusion of each item the lights dim a trifle and the team re-sets the stage—generally by moving a table or donning a bowler—for the ensuing diversion.

ALL the company does is to sing, dance and mime, but each item contains an idea which comes from the well itself and is not pinched at third-hand from Farjeon or Charlot or Cochran or even from *La Plume de Ma Tante*. Further, if the idea

is very slight, it gets very slight treatment and nothing is plugged.

If I had a favourite, it was the sequence in which a gentleman flung his white gloves on a table and they mocked him in a sinister little dance of their own..

Whether this new flavour (for it has all the charm of one's first *crêpe suzette*) can ever be transferred to a commercial stage is dubious: intimacy is one of its spices. Certainly any theatre larger than the Criterion would be the ruin of it, but in the meantime, and in case no impresario has the right lease and the right gumption, anyone who is cultivating a reputation as a discoverer of good things should add this diversion to his itinerary.



Pranks by cranks at the Watergate, performed expertly by Anthony Newley, Marcia Ashton, Gilbert Vernon and Gordon Heath

FOOTNOTE to Hamlet's visit to Russia. The company, being provided with a young lady interpreter by their hosts, decided that diplomacy and kindness dictated that they should ask only innocuous questions. In the Red Square a member enquired "What are those white birds?" "They are Krauws," said their guide. "Crows?" "No, Krauws." "In England," ventured an unwise actor, "crows are black." She turned upon him witheringly. "In Russia we know," she explained, "that all over the world crows are white."

—Youngman Carter



## At the Pictures

# A PENTHOUSE BEETHOVEN

THE gentleman who calls himself, *tout court* Liberace, and whom I have not had the misfortune to see on television, stars in *Sincerely Yours* as a famous pianist, Anthony Warrin. And jolly smug he looks about it, too. I dare say he has every right to: he earns (I hope no Income Tax person is listening) £350,000 a year, delights in large rings, gold lamé suits designed by M. Christian Dior, black satin dinner jackets over-sewn with sequins, and can, an awed programme note tells me, play on the piano "everything from boogie-woogie to sentimental classics."

Unstunned by Mr. Liberace's versatility, I faithfully report that as Warrin, the unhappy pianist who goes deaf, he does indeed very showily knock off a Gershwin miscellany, selections from Chopin and Schumann, "The Beer-barrel Polka" (described as typical old American folk music) and some sixteen-beats-to-the-bar boogie of his own invention before, hearing restored, he ultimately arrives at Carnegie Hall to delight a discriminating audience with "the Tchaikowsky piano concerto in B sharp minor."

DURING his enforced ivory tower period, when he doesn't know whether he'll ever hear again, Warrin learns to lip-read and spends much of his time in his penthouse, eyes glued to a pair of binoculars which enable him to understand the conversations of people in the park below.

These binoculars, he says solemnly, are of a type used in Turkey during the war by the Germans, who supplied them to nefarious deaf-mutes, able and willing to sit by the day outside restaurants where our diplomats lunched and nattered, lip-reading: I feel so sorry for those busy deaf mutes who must rarely have had anything more thrilling to report than "Charles had an imperial hang-over to-day," or "Maud's produced another boy, bless her."

MR. LIBERACE's binoculars put him in touch with *life*: he deals with the problems of a despised Mum (Miss Lurene Tuttle) whose pretty daughter (Miss Lori Nelson) has married above her station, and a nice little crippled boy (Master Alvie Hunt) who longs to play football with his chums. All this gives Warrin a glow of self-satisfaction and the courage to undergo an operation which restores his hearing.

The two young women in his life are Miss Dorothy Malone, a society girl, and Miss Joanne Dru, his devoted secretary. As Hollywood is frightfully knowing about audience participation, I never had the slightest doubt about which he would turn to in the end.

Mr. Liberace's personality is as lush and oily as his hair, but this I will say for him:



A NEW ITALIAN BEAUTY steps into stardom in her first British film, *The Black Tent*. She is Anna Maria Sandri, who is cast as Mabrouka, daughter of an Arab chief, in an exciting adventure story played out in the deserts of Tripolitania. Anthony Steel and Donald Sinden also star

## Television

### "... ONCE UPON A TIME"

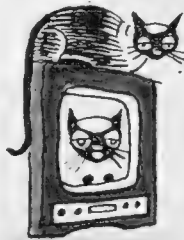
PSALMS and sagas from the nursery to the edge of the grave, telling and listening to stories, is, I suppose, one of the universal pleasures of man. It is natural that TV should run a storyteller's corner, and, although not my favourite viewing, it begins to be possible to discern various styles of TV storytelling.

Antony Oliver is probably the most versatile. While there is no doubt of his accomplishment, he fails to win me from an early dislike of being read aloud to. John Slater, too, although an able actor, always seems a little laboured in his confidential manner.

Rene Ray's series for ITV were the occasion of a mildly sensational comeback for Miss Ray, but mild seemed to me the interest of most of her (own) stories. Much the most polished of TV storytellers I have heard is Moira Lister. Her line differs from the others in taking a classic story—I remember one by de Maupassant—knowing it thoroughly, and giving a virtuoso performance

of the reading, much as Emlyn Williams does for Dickens or Dylan Thomas.

This seems to be one of the possibly exciting methods of TV storytelling, failing a team of impromptu narrators. Another being tried this year by both TV services is to present a framework or theme for true storytelling. To-night the B.B.C.'s "Prompt Corner" presents the first of a series of backstage stories told by Barry Lett. On Friday I.T.A. opens "Escapers' Club." With Major Pat Reid, of *The Colditz Story*, this should achieve the attraction without the artificiality of the B.B.C.'s former "Tall Story Club."



UNHAPPILY storytelling can hardly be more than a sideline for David Kossof, who came nearest the spell-binding of those masters, the late Reginald Tate and Algernon Blackwood.

Also specially awaited are Sunday's B.B.C. play *Weeping Madonna*, by Ian McCormick, TV's most distinguished original author, and Saturday's *Woman Alone*, by Colin Morris.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Delicate jaws prepare to close in *The Tender Trap* as Debbie Reynolds enchants agent Frank Sinatra without him realising it

I'm sure he knows himself too well ever to have wished to sign himself "Sincerely Yours."

I have long been an admirer of Miss Celeste Holm and was delighted to see this charming and witty actress again in *The Tender Trap*—a bland, sophisticated comedy of ill-manners.

Mr. Frank Sinatra plays a New York artiste's agent, a bachelor so successful that he is as much sought after as uranium. Among the wretched lovelies he shamelessly makes use of is Miss Holm, who wears her rue with a difference—with a humorous resignation. Of course the man's a cad, but what else can a girl of thirty-three hope to find?

**D**EBBIE REYNOLDS is considerably younger and not only hopes but is determined to find a husband. She considers Mr. Sinatra attractive in an off-beat, beaten-up way, but tells him he is not for her. This naturally persuades Mr. Sinatra that she's the only girl for him. Miss Holm, to whom he has been briefly engaged, could if she wished console herself with his friend, Mr. David Wayne—but he's married and she's this amoral film's one saving grace, so she lightly says good-bye and shrugs her way out.

Life for a career girl in the skyscraper belt is a little arid, one gathers—unless, like Miss Reynolds, who is sweetly maddening, you know precisely what you want, and stick relentlessly to a cast-iron plan to get it. The film is smoothly acted and though somewhat static, as is often the case in the screen adaptation of a play, has polish. The dialogue is particularly good and the direction, by Mr. Charles Walters, suitably smart. I enjoyed the picture more than moderately.

**A**LL FOR MARY is a modest British comedy of the cornier kind. Goofy Mr. David Tomlinson and slick Mr. Nigel Patrick are pursuing a hotel proprietor's daughter, Miss Jill Day, at an Alpine resort, when they are both stricken with chickenpox. Banished to the attic, they are put in the care of the compleat English Nannie, Miss Kathleen Harrison, who is entranced to recognise in Mr. Tomlinson one of her former charges.

Miss Harrison's performance is delicious and Miss Wendy Toye, directing, has done her best to give the film a lively pace, but the old nursery clichés and the joke of having two grown men reduced to the status of naughty, Nannie-bossed little boys eventually pall. By the end, I was looking so glum that Miss Harrison's "Ooo—what a nasty face to pull! Suppose the wind changed and it stuck that way!" might have been addressed to me.

—Elspeth Grant



IN THE ROMAN RUINS of Sabratha, Libya, Andre Morell is seen as a Bedouin sheik in *The Black Tent*, the producer of which is William MacQuitty. Another famous location used in the film, which is in VistaVision and Technicolor, is that of the renowned ruins of Leptis Magna

## The Gramophone

### PROMISE IS CONFIRMED

**A**T the end of April last year I mentioned recordings of two more-than-promising new-comers in the world of wax, their names being Benny Hill and Sheila Buxton. Both have much to offer. Benny Hill wisely worked "I Can't Tell a Waltz from a Tango," and "Teach Me To-night," and, in doing so, had the intelligence not to try to get away with merely singing some dreary popular song. He presented himself and the material in genuine comic vein, and put his personality into the grooves in no uncertain manner. (Decca F. 10442.)

Sheila Buxton sings "I Gotta Go Get My Baby" and "Everlovin'," and hearing her for the first time convinced me that she had taken the trouble to learn all that was possible about the technique of her particular approach to a song before making her first entrance into a recording studio, with the result that she never gives the impression that she is floundering her way into the home. (Columbia DB. 3603.)



It is odd that both these personalities have not been heard with greater regularity, or is the answer that they are too good!

**T**HE biggest impact made by any single artist in 1955 was undoubtedly that sustained by Catherina Valente, who packs a more than telling punch behind a mass of inaccuracies. To listen to her is a fascinating experience, and if during the current year she fizzles out, it couldn't matter less, for Miss Valente is in the "millions of records" selling class. (Polydor BM 6001.)

But for sheer artistry give me Muriel Smith. In mid-January last year her recording of "To-night, My Love" and "Climb Up The Wall" was released, and it showed how exceptional are her talents. Here is a singer whom one can hear over and over again, for she presents her songs with supreme intelligence. "The Wall" must be scaled many times, for the pleasure in store is limitless, a pleasure that can only be meted out by Muriel Smith. (Philips PB. 355.)

—Robert Tredinnick





Desmond O'Neill

*Mr. Michael Cahill, Miss Rosemary Beddoe-Rees, Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett, Miss Dawn Mackay and Mr. Bob Waldron standing in front of some of the fine Christmas decorations*

## A FESTIVE BALL IN THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

THE Christmas Ball at Claridge's organised by the Parliamentary Association for World Government was a great success. Decorations included a dazzling tree, and midnight carols gave an appropriate atmosphere. Guests were received by Lady Helen Nutting and other officials

*Mr. R. S. Ellis and Lady Helen Nutting, chairman of the ball, were talking to friends after dinner*



*Mr. Frank Taylor and Miss Christine Hughes were among the 200 guests at this good ball*





and Mr. J. R. Whalley were chatting  
with Nancy Hennessy at the reception

Stronds and Miss Susan Justice com-  
mended prizes they had won at the tombola



Sir William Reid Dick, the sculptor, Mrs. and  
Mr. Cyril J. Ross, and Lady Reid Dick

Miss Joan Dreschfeld was dancing with  
Mr. Peter Whalley during this gay evening

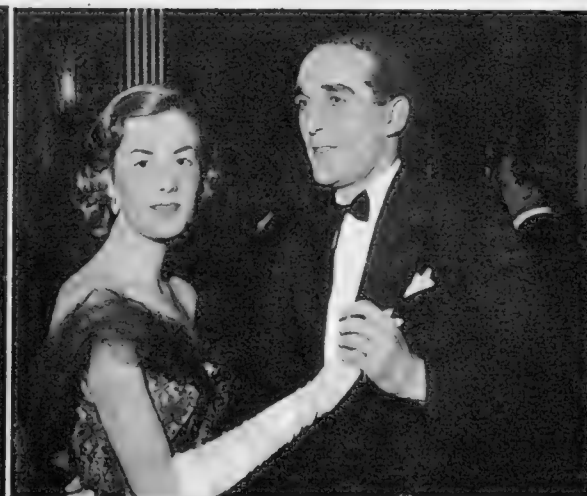


Major Neville Augur, a committee member,  
and Miss Elena de Rotaeche from Bilbao, Spain

Miss Penny Knowles, one of last year's out-  
standing debutantes, and Mr. David Dickinson



John Burton and Miss Penelope Boyd  
together before they went in to dinner



Miss Priscilla Bazley-Green and Mr. Timothy  
Burrill. Dancing went on until 2 a.m.



Miss R. Nathaniel, Mrs. Norman Pearson,  
Mr. Nigel Pearson and Mr. G. Pears



# Standing By HIGH-LIFE REPRIEVE DRAMA

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**R**ICH women for whom we (or rather Baron Stockmar, confidential adviser to Albert the Good, late Prince Consort) were able to solve a major domestic problem a couple of weeks ago are now thanking us effusively, with tears in their radiant eyes. "Your *simply divine* suggestion saved the day," writes a Mrs. H. de G. Fauncethorpe. "Merri-ment reigned supreme. Wilbraham (16 st. 9) leaped for joy. Toggles (18 st. 5) had a stroke. We are positively *looking forward* to Christmas 1956!"

The problem was how to interest and amuse, round about 5.30 p.m. on a typical British Christmas Day, a given number of overstuffed, congested, exhausted, bitter male whites yearning only for oblivion or death. To pacify these—apart from delighting the Race at large—the Prince introduced the Christmas Tree from Germany, recommending that it be hung with little glass birds and bobbles and all kinds of pretty gilt and coloured *colifichets*. Stockmar's keen eye soon observed that on the very stout, fractious ones this novelty swiftly palled. He therefore suggested adding dainty little *live actresses* to the tree, suspended by the waist. "The exquisite faces made by these Dresden china wantons as they dangle amid the greenery," said Stockmar, "cannot fail to interest men of *ton*." But learning that Liberal circles would construe this as an attempt to introduce the Continental Sunday, Stockmar dropped the idea.

## Footnote

**A**LL Victorian prejudices being long discarded, and no objections being raised by Equity and the West End Theatre Managers' Association, we now recommend Stockmar's project with enthusiasm to every

hostess we meet, quoting the prophetic words of Blake in *Songs of Innocence*:

*A little Actress in a Cage  
Puts all Heaven in a Rage,  
But hang her on a Christmas Tree,  
And that, Chums, is okay by me.*

For big rolling eyes and a saucy song or two at intervals a small extra fee will be charged, Joe's Agency tells us. Book now and pick the most toothsome peaches.

## Razz

**I**F (as seems likely at any moment) any of you men of affairs find yourselves awarded honorary Doctorates by a University, on account of your being such splendid chaps, the Public Orator concerned will heap the most ignoble flattery on you in Latin, as is well known. It should be abuse instead, an academic type with small, glazed eyes, slightly one-over-the-eight, was telling us at a party the other night. He may be right at that, the little rascal.

We know a dining-club where eminent guests are traditionally given a courteous razz by the member proposing their health, and it does them a world of good. Public Orators already have the ideal opening salute in the fourth verse, beginning *Ecce magnis auribus*, of the great medieval Christmas sequence from Beauvais called The Prose of the Ass, which we love. Roughly:

*See, with mighty ears erect,  
Modest, cool, and circumspect,  
Veiled in majesty he passes,  
Ass of Splendour, Ass of Asses!*

The Orator would thence diverge to a brief criticism of each big boy's features, failings, crimes, outrages, boastings, betrayals, fear of the police (*victorum terror*), and so forth, ending with a perfect roar of contumely. You ask what this would do. It would expel spiritual pride and promote humility, as each Hon. D. Litt. would testify in turn. ("I am very sorry I done all my mergers

and I feel terrible about Ruby so hearty thanks Mr. Orator for them healing words on account of which I shall now humbly endeavour to go straight.") A nice change, long overdue, what?

## Tiff

**"W**E are better friends than ever since this came up," said a horsey sweet-heart recently acquitted of excessively beating a show-jumper in a fit of annoyance. Since horses, like income-tax inspectors, are quick to forgive, this doesn't surprise us; but a wounded spirit is not so quickly healed.

A hard woman to hounds was telling us that after being very rude in the field to a 6-hands fleabitten grey named Gledstone, she found Gledstone's eyes fixed on her with infinite sorrow at a subsequent cocktail-party. The horse was leaning against the drawingroom mantel, taking no notice of loud appeals for a 100-per-cent. kiss-and-make-up from the 28 Press-photographers present. To a *Daily Snoop* representative his hostess said: "Gledstone has sincerely forgiven me but he blames my friends. He thinks they stink, and in fact," said this harri-*dan* frankly, "they do."

## Sequel

**A** PRESS-PHOTOGRAPHER said: "It's the ethical angle. I'm ethical, you're ethical, Spike Barlow's ethical, all the boys are ethical, so what the hell?"

The *Sunday Yowl* representative said: "It's not art but heart that wins the whole world over. Lay your noggin on his neck, Mrs. H., and give us a break."

After a heated discussion they found Gledstone had left the party in disgust. Reconciliation came during a subsequent run with the Quorn. "It's rudeness in the field he can't bear," this leathery puss said to us. "Strikes the wrong note—see what I mean?"



~~~~~BRIGGS . . . by Graham~~~~~





*Mr. and Mrs. David Bethell, who received the guests, were here with their children Miss Sarah Bethell and Mr. John Bethell*



*Miss Angela Michele dancing with Mr. Christopher Capron, of the 12th Lancers, at this most successful gathering*



*Miss Stroma Morrison and Mr. Mark Bentley, an O.W., with Miss Susan Hampshire and Mr. Michael Haines*

## WELLINGTON CLUBS' INAUGURAL BALL

**M**ANY distinguished Old Boys of Wellington College, including Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, as well as forty present-day scholars, were present at the first ball held to help raise funds for clubs supported by the College in S.E. London. This inspiring event drew 300 guests to the Park Lane Hotel, and members of the Duke of Wellington's regiment in period uniform were on duty at the reception. Right: C/Sjt. H. Lancaster hands a programme to Miss Ann Gyrsting and Mr. C. G. C. Spencer

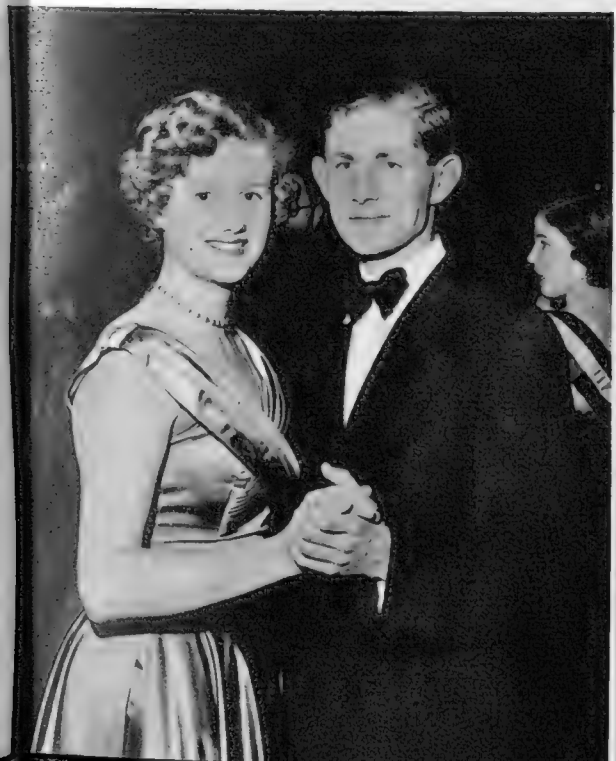


*Desmond O'Neill*

*Miss Diana Pank was dancing a quick-step with Mr. Christopher Hemming*

*Mr. Michael Henderson and Miss Elizabeth Hamilton look at a cricket bat*

*Miss Carole Dowell was partnered by Mr. John Voelcker, a present Wellingtonian*







THREE SUITORS, the King of England, the King of France and the latter's brother, sought the hand of Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orleans (left) in the seventeenth century, but she rejected them all, only to lose her heart, too late, to a Gascon adventurer, the Duc de Lauzun (right). This story of ambition, cupidity and pathos is matchlessly told by Francis Steegmuller in *La Grande Mademoiselle* (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.)



## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# POETESS OF THE OCEANS

WHAT, in a book or a person, is fascination? What happens when this power is exercised—do we accede to it willingly, or dubiously? One can no more than say, "That depends!" The snake-and-rabbit relationship is a far from good one (that is, for the rabbit), nor would we wish to fall, helpless, under a Fata Morgana spell.

Nonetheless, we know, there are fascinations which are wholly benevolent and inspiring. We are in, not out of, luck when they act on us. It was in this sense that an English critic spoke of Rachel Carson's *THE SEA AROUND US* (Staples Press; 12s. 6d.) as "the book that is fascinating the world."

THIS is the second appearance of this masterpiece—or, as its publishers call it, the second edition. American in origin, it reached Britain first in the autumn of 1951, to remain for two continuous years in print. This winter, it is doing something more than merely slipping back again into circulation: its reappearance is signalled as a big event. The Book Society has sponsored it; a national daily has made it its "Book of the Month." Moreover, *The Sea Around Us* carries its own home country's most envied stamp, the National Book Award.

Shortly, it would seem that Miss Carson's work has done something better than stay the course—though that itself, in these fickle, swift-moving days, is far from being easy to do. *The Sea Around Us* has instated itself as that rare thing, a contemporary classic.

Perhaps this is because Miss Carson bridges the gap between scientific knowledge on one side, poetic imagination on the other. It's as though the Coleridge of *The Ancient Mariner* had accompanied

oceanographers on a depth-sounding trip (as no doubt he would have loved to do!). Deep-sea explorations—which, though astounding, already begin to breed for us an entire literature—do not, however, constitute more than one part of this classic's whole.

PRIMARILY, Miss Carson is the sea's historian, analyst and ever-amazed lover. Holding its past in her mind's eye, she succeeds in presenting it to our own—no less than, in her pages, she conjures up the conflicts between its intersecting currents, or the unlit pregnant stillnesses of its depths.

Who knew—you may have; certainly I did not—that the moon once broke away from our molten, whirling earth, and, setting up as an entity on its own, left behind it a cavity in the earth's flank? (Much as Eve, in her coming to being, left Adam short

of a rib.) Which of us, groaning under a few wet days, has been able to picture, until this book came, an earth night-darkened for millions of years by rain, cut off from the sun's light by dense weeping clouds? Or how rain, on touching the sizzling surface, at once evaporated in steam again—like moisture spilled on a stove's top? Earth cooled; the steam subsided; the rain continued—remorselessly, as it went on, washing away formations which man had not yet been there to behold.

SLOWLY water settled in the cooled-off declivities, overflowed them, met other water, encircled the globe—a globe on which continents bubbled upward, some to sink once more under their own weight.

Long was it before the first living creature was to make so bold as to come ashore! Teeming with denizens, rich in vegetation, the sea first outbid dry land, and forever rivals it. Sailors long ago believed in hostile, terrible weed-forests, waiting to entangle and drag down ships. Uncharted, the sea for century upon century bred legends for awed yet daring man: now, no legend seems stranger than its realities. Fallacies—such as, that the sea's bottom is flat—have one by one been banished. Miss Carson traces for us the majesty of endless submerged landscapes, mountain ranges (whose extreme peaks may here and there form an island or group of islands) and canyons dramatic as Colorado's.

"The Changing Seasons" traces the sea's reactions—no less bright-coloured, no less a calendar for the life force than those of earth—to spring, summer, autumn and winter. In "The Sunless Sea," we plummet to the depths. "The Shape of Ancient Seas" leads us to haunted tracts from which



"GAME BIRDS," chapter heading by Zelma Blakely from a delightful pocket missal by André Simon, *English Fauna and French Wines* (Newman Neame; 7s. 6d.), indicating the order of service when a marriage between these coy partners is contemplated

the sea has withdrawn. We see, too, its revenge on lands, its angry returnings—the rock-by-rock collapse of storm-battered promontories, the erosion of British and other coastlines.

FROM our feeling for, our conception of the sea, movement is inseparable. Here, the studies of streams and currents, of tides, tidal waves and bores, of waves themselves, and of tempests and their origins, will perhaps rivet the reader most of all. And we conclude, rightly, with Man's relation and attitude to the sea, back through history and in our day. . . . This author's knowledge, and her powers of mind, could seem as formidable as her subject were they not tempered by winning gentleness—a humility in the face of Nature. Here is genius, showing us what it loves. And a fitting language, translucent, simple and beautiful, has been found. *The Sea Around Us* is, as sheer writing, prose as fine as any our century has produced.

★ ★ ★

THE SUBURBAN CHILD, by James Kenward (Cambridge University Press; 12s. 6d.), is a cheerful memoir of youth—touched, as few can fail to be, by nostalgia. It should, I think, well fulfil its purpose: that of redeeming the word "suburban" from to-day's somewhat slighting associations. The "great days" of the suburbs are, as the author sees it, past: he identifies the sunset with 1914. Also, one cannot doubt that the motor-car—which the Edwardian child first looked upon as "a grown-up toy"—has proved the enemy of that old contentment. So has what we call "improved transport." Nowadays, there's the urge to live farther out.

Mr. Kenward was born in 1908, into the very middle of the contentment. A world of young children, young parents, and hilarious bachelor uncles—you'll like the story of how Uncle Ted ran away with the train. Quiet were the tree-shaded roads, mysterious and intimate the back gardens, over whose walls one sent bubbles flying. And of the gabled, semi-detached villas each—beyond criticism—was home to somebody. Many were the joys: buttercups and pavement toys (which, in afternoons, proceeded along in convoys) not the least. And how far a penny could take one, shopping!

Father went daily to work in a top-hat—revolutionary the day which first saw the bowler! Mother, whose gloved hand lay gently on garden gates, gained glamour from the wearing of spotted veils. All this is delightfully pictured, and twice over—for *The Suburban Child* is enriched by Ardizzone drawings. I recommend this book as genial reading, a good start to the New Year.

★ ★ ★

E. R. PUNSHON's forty-eighth detective story is called *Triple Quest* (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.). Bobby Owen, whose shadow has not grown less, this time finds himself involved in the high art world. A Rembrandt masterpiece helps to spin the plot, two art experts are in bitter rivalry—and one of the two is declared missing. Love-interest is mildly present, but fades out during the rising excitement of a chase. The South Bank Gallery is the scene of exciting happenings—if you, reader, wonder from time to time what goes on in the mind of a custodian, and what differentiates such an official from a waxwork, take a second look at our friend Hyams.

*Triple Quest* should please those who like their detective stories long. None of this modern streamlining for Mr. Punshon!



ANDRÉ SIMON, the founder-president of the Wine and Food Society, has nearly seventy books to his credit on matters of gastronomy. The latest, *English Fare and French Wines*, was published in December. His reputation as the greatest of living epicures is sustained by an immense store of knowledge, supported by a benevolent wit and infinite personal charm. It is typical of him that his lifelong work for French charities in England, though rarely publicised, is among his most important activities. M. Simon, who will be eighty next year, is his country's best-loved unofficial ambassador



A GOLD LACQUER FINISH with navy blue upholstery marks the Bristol 405 drophead coupé ordered by Sheik Yusuf Mohammed Al Tawil of Saudi Arabia. It was built to his personal requirements: the hood works hydraulically and the windows electrically



Motoring

Oliver Stewart

## WARNING TO TAIL-BITERS

**A**CCIDENTALLY, I like to meet those who take an objective view of events. Mostly, when a wing or body panel is accidentally damaged, there follows an argument about who is to blame. Once or twice the objective view is taken by both sides and then the incident is over within a few minutes and much fuss and bother are avoided.

Just before the war I met one of those drivers who conceives it to be a point of honour to claim to be in the right. I was descending a steepish hill at 30 m.p.h. and saw in my mirror that another car was behind me, keeping, as I felt, somewhat close for the speed at which we were moving. From a blind side-road a coal lorry suddenly emerged.

Traffic was coming up the hill, so that there was no possibility of swinging to the right. It was necessary to brake. With an acute realisation in my mind that there was a car close behind, I braked only just hard enough to draw up close to the lorry, and as I stopped there was a thud as the car behind ran into the rear part of my car.

**O**N exchanging views with the driver of the other car, I was told that I had pulled up "too suddenly." The coal lorry was still across the road and barred my way. The situation was, therefore, clear, but although I tried to impress upon the other driver either that his brakes were not working or else that he was following me too closely, my remarks obviously passed him by and a woman who was with him strenuously supported him and accused me of "stopping in a dangerous manner"!

Exactly what action should be taken in a case like this I have never decided, for the courts are notoriously uncertain. I felt inclined to take this man to task if it were possible, in order to assist in emphasizing the importance of keeping the distance between cars adjusted to the speed of movement. Thus, at 70 m.p.h. the car behind ought to be much farther away than at 10 m.p.h.

It is an obvious point, known to all experienced drivers. As the speed rises, so, if you are following another car, you must

drop farther behind. In a traffic crawl you can keep about a couple of feet behind the man in front, but when moving fast there must be an adequate distance to cover reaction time and braking.

**U**NFORTUNATELY, this point was overlooked by those who compiled the present Highway Code. The Code simply recommends drivers not to indulge in nose-to-tail driving on the open road—perhaps the most fatuous and unscientific recommendation in a book which is full of such recommendations. Nose-to-tail driving is, in fact, desirable when crawling in heavy traffic. At certain times it may be desirable on the open road.



The qualifying factor is always the speed of movement. It has nothing to do with whether the road is "open" or "closed." But because even those who set themselves up to tell others how to drive—namely, the compilers of the Highway Code—are ignorant of such basic facts, it is almost impossible to pursue those who are guilty of this kind of careless driving.

**A** NEW name entered the world of internal combustion engineering on December 15th, when the Standard Motor Company announced its association with

Auto Diesels Limited and its intention to place upon the market the "Stad" industrial engines. The object here is to adapt for industrial purposes basic units produced economically and efficiently by Standard. Lord Tedder presided at the meeting in the Berkeley Square showroom when the announcement was made. It is, I believe, the first contract of its kind entered into by this company, although their tractor engines and diesel engines are already well known. I have tried the diesel-engined Standard motor-car and reported upon it in these columns.

The 2.1-litre Stad industrial diesel is an engine with a compression ratio of 17 to 1. It is a 4-cylinder unit and the pistons are of aluminium alloy with three compression rings and one scraper ring. The valves are overhead and are operated by push-rod. For starting in low temperatures there is a pre-heating and priming system. Stad engines are also available in other sizes and, of course, they include petrol engines.

Lord Tedder, in a characteristic speech, emphasized that in launching these Stad units they were interested primarily in the basic engineering side rather than the "fashion" side and were concerned with prime movers and not with body shapes and similar changing features.

**I** HAVE frequently referred in these notes to the large numbers of cars now fitted with the Laycock-de Normanville overdrive. Now we have a series of tests which will enable us to see whether my words have been justified. Official Royal Automobile Club observation was requested for December 19th for a series of tests to be done on the Silverstone circuit. Among the cars presented were an Armstrong Siddeley, a Bristol 405, a Humber Hawk, a Rover 90, a Jensen 541, a Triumph TR-3 and a Vanguard 3.

The object was to drive the car for a pre-determined number of laps at a mean speed previously decided upon as being reasonable for the class of car. Two runs were to be made, first with the overdrive out and then with it operating. The object was to compute the difference in fuel consumed.

*S/Ldr. and Mrs. K. L. Monaghan  
and W/Cdr. and Mrs. J. B. Coward*



*Air Cdre. M. E. M. Perkins, Mrs. Dunn,  
Mrs. Perkins and Air Cdre. P. H. Dunn*



*F/Lt. A. W. Paterson, Miss Doreen Wilson,  
F/Lt. R. T. Holburn, Miss Sally Satterly and  
F/Lt. P. D. Wright were enjoying the party*



*Van Hallan*

## FAREWELL TO THE CHIEF OF FIGHTER COMMAND

A VERY successful party was given recently at the officers' mess, Bentley Priory, headquarters of Fighter Command, to say farewell to the A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, Air Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, who has been appointed Chief of Air Staff. Above: The Air Marshal and Lady Boyle with Air Vice-Marshal L. W. C. Bower (left)



*G/Capt. S. G. Morgan, formerly P.M.C.  
Fighter Command, with Capt. I. D. Caris-  
Carter, a guest from the W.R.A.C.*



*W/Cdr. A. D. Forster talking to  
Wing Officer B. G. Martin and  
G/Capt. I. J. Lightfoot, P.M.C.*





This very lovely and beautifully-cut two-piece by Christian Dior is made of a rough-textured wool material, slate-blue in colour. It is topped by a huge flat hat which is made of matching blue melusine

# Paris Says...

*I*N a very few weeks now Paris will be showing the world the new spring and summer collections. These photographs are of the clothes that customers of the famous model houses are wearing now, snugly entrenched against the cold of a Paris winter. Below: A suit by Jean Dessès in thick hairy-surfaced chestnut-brown tweed. The cross-over folded fastening of the jacket is oddly reflected in the movement of the Christian Dior dress shown on the opposite page. Top left: A long line jacket and straight skirt of thick pale grey tweed has a wide, rather flattened collar of African Karakul standing well away from the neck. It is matched by the little round hat of the same fur, from Lanvin-Castillo. Bottom left: Balmain suit of dark clerical grey wool worn under a short boxy jacket of same material lined with black South-West African Persian lamb. The muff matches







Matita's very new crêpe worsted suit has a novelty grey and white shadow stripe jacket and a plain grey skirt made with the boxed knife pleating that is a feature of this collection. It is sold by Dickins & Jones



Fenner's fitted, full-skirted coat is made of royal blue and black tweed. It has a long-line fastening and a collar that may be worn in a number of different ways

A wonderful honey blonde wool and mohair wrap coat that is dramatized by a large collar of natural lynx. Designed by Brenner it is sold by Fenwicks, Bond Street

Byroter designed this grey two-piece in a bold woven tweed. The slim-skirted dress has a Vee-neck, clever belt and slanting pockets. It comes from Harvey Nichols

of Viyella's new Sherta blouses. Made in a Tattershall check it has a collar that can be open or closed. From most leading stores

Ensemble in heather mixture tweed. The hand-made black leather buttons match the-belt. Designed by Hardy Amies for his Ready-to-Wear collection. Simpsons sell it

Brenner suit with its long tunic jacket, of dark grey worsted, has up and down pocket flaps and is lined with material to match the blouse. From Peter Robinson



# London Lines . . . . .

WE show here some photographs taken in London recently of clothes which are now being sold in the shops or that will be there for sale soon. These tailored clothes show London wholesale couture at its best. Plain and uncluttered, they rely on fine material and clever cut for their simple but very elegant effect





John Cole

**D**URING January the National Fur Company are offering a number of their furs at very much reduced prices. This beautiful little moleskin jacket is one of a small collection in beaver lamb or moleskin which have been reduced from 69 to 39 guineas. Very light and warm, it is a coat that can be worn for many occasions. We show it here worn with a dress and hat that comes from Chantelle of Knightsbridge. Vivid pink melusine makes the cloche which sits so prettily on a chignon head. Folds in the material give it a flattering line. About 6 guineas. Right: A dress to be worn under the coat. Made of dark grey worsted wool, it has a narrow skirt and a low, wide belt buckled at the hip-line. It costs 11 guineas

Fur and wool, the perfect pair



CHOICE  
FOR THE WEEK

By  
Mariel Deans







Above: A new way of keeping cigarettes in a pigskin "Park bench" cigarette box. £5 5s. 0d. Finnigans

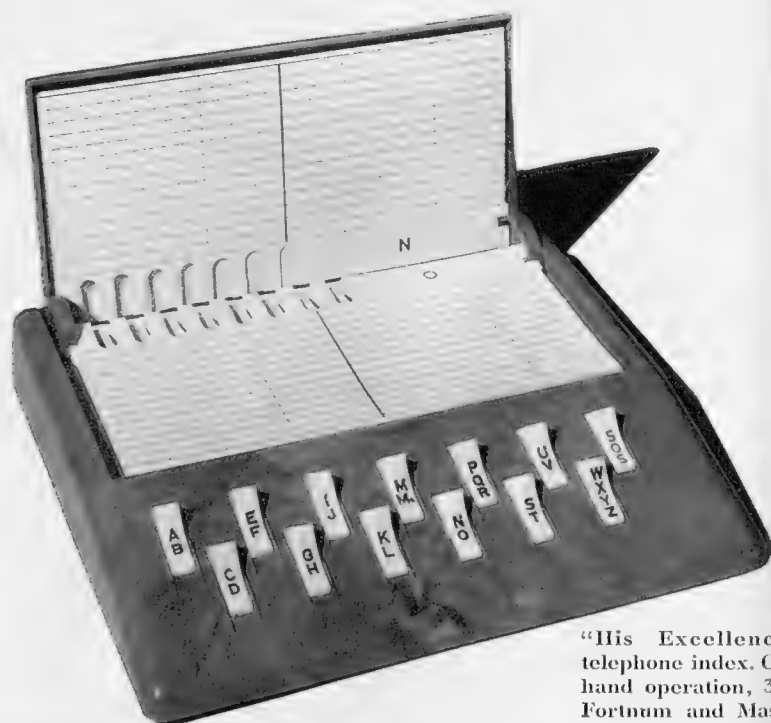
Below: Set of seven pottery ashtrays or butter dishes. Hand-made pottery by Paul Alexander, Tern Studios, Chelsea. Finnigans, 10s. each



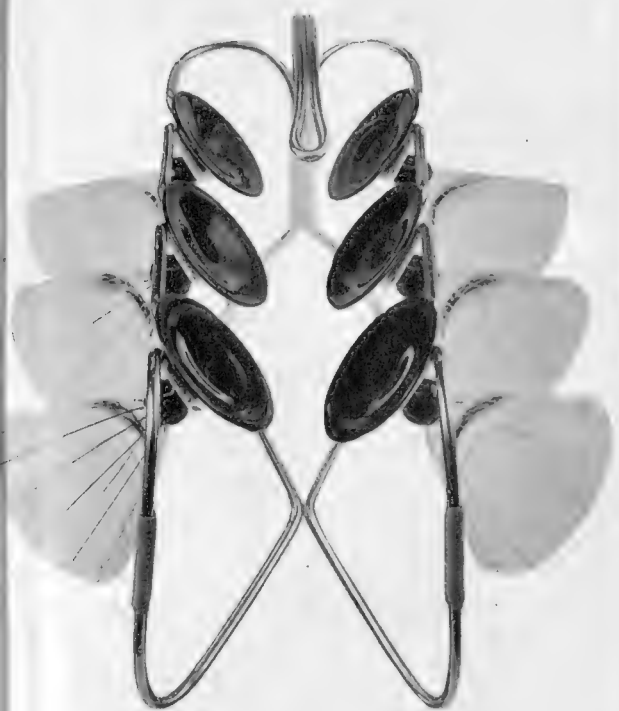
## The man's outlook

*REVERSING the usual procedure of "ladies first" we start the new year with some novel ideas for men*

—JEAN CLELAND



"His Excellency" telephone index. One hand operation, 30s. Fortnum and Mason



Novel stand in metal bound with wicker, complete with six cocktail glasses. Price £3 18s. 6d. Fenwick's

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Novelty for the desk—a musical roulette cigarette box. Price £7 7s. from Finnigans

Dennis Smith

Unusual and useful combined pipe rack and tobacco pouch. Harvey Nichols, £8 8s.







THREE COIFFURES by Alexis of Antoine modelled by Miss Manil Weerakoon of Ceylon. Above and bottom of page: a design in lotus petals carried out in blue, red and green sequins. Below: Gold dragon fly ornamentation with ruby tongues



Beauty

Jean Cleland

## Good resolutions

SOME years ago, at our country cottage, we were having Sunday afternoon tea. Seated round the table were a merry crowd of family and friends enjoying the scones, oatcakes, shortbread and Scotch pancakes (or drop scones if that is how you think of them), all of which go to make up what we Scots mean by "tea." One of the grown-ups said: "These home-made things are delicious, and we always look forward to them, but so much cooking must be a lot of work. Why do you do it?"

Whereupon Robert Donat's young son, who was there with his brother and sister, piped up "She has to, it's tradition."

How true. Tradition dies hard, and it is surprising how many things are done in its name. Chocolate eggs at Easter, Witches' Hate and apples swinging from the ceiling for Hallowe'en, turkey, plum pudding and crackers at Christmas. And now, good resolutions for the New Year. However much we may scoff at them, however much our faith in keeping them may dim as we grow older, most of us still go on making them. We have to, it's tradition.

So, in the interests of good looks and attractive appearance, here are a few culled from a gay gathering of people at a party a few nights ago, on New Year's Eve. Someone happened to say: "I am resolved to go for at least an hour's walk every day in 1956." That set me off. I went among them saying "and what about you, and you, and you?" Some made resolutions about the things they *would* do, others about the various things they would *not* do. I jotted them down just as my friends gave them to me, and here is a short selection from which you may care to pick, if you have not yet made up your own mind.

*To take* some form of slimming bath regularly, which will get rid of fatty deposits, and also help to get rid of the acids that are causing rheumatically pains.

*To do* a few exercises *every morning*, to keep my figure young and lissom.

*To have* fresh fruit instead of sweets, saccharine in my tea instead of sugar, and a second vegetable instead of potatoes.

*To give* my skin two or three minutes regular massage with a rich skinfood every morning and night, to keep it smooth and unwrinkled.

*To make* time to give myself a good face masque once a week to tighten up the contours and refine the texture.

*To beautify* my hands with lotion during the day, and cream at night, and to dip the fingertips into hot oil at least once a week, to stop my nails from breaking.

*To get* my hair into better condition with regular brushing, and a little scalp massage every day, to promote the circulation.

*To counteract* the effects of an indoor job by doing breathing exercises in front of an open window

every morning, and getting as much fresh air as possible at the weekends.

*To remember* the little points (which I am so apt to forget) that make for good grooming, such as tidy eyebrows, regular manicure, a good foundation and fine powder to keep the make-up matt, and give a smooth finish to the complexion.

*To keep* my eyes clear and fresh by remembering to give them an eye bath every night, with a good lotion.

*To be* more adventurous in trying out something different (such as a new hairstyle) and saying "pooh" to the risk of whether it suits me or not. Nothing venture—

*To put* my feet up when I sit down, as often as possible, and to give myself a rest cure in the way of an early night at regular intervals. Warm scented bath first to get relaxed, good book, hot-water bottle, and a nice hot drink just before dropping off to sleep.

*NOT* to succumb to those appetizing little titbits—cocktail delicacies, potato crisps, salted almonds, friandise—which, eaten between meals, play havoc with the figure.

*Not* to make lines and wrinkles by frowning, and by letting the corners of my mouth droop.

*Not* to wait until my feet begin to hurt before visiting a chiropodist, but to make a point of going regularly and have them kept in good order.

*Not* to wake myself up by worrying about future problems just when I am tucked down for the night. Nothing can be done until the morning, and by then some of them no longer exist.

*Not* to mind saying NO to a last-minute invitation for a late night which I know I am too tired to enjoy, or to a cream sweet, which I shouldn't have, and don't really want anyway.

*Not* to screw up my eyes (and cause wrinkles) by reading in a bad light because it is too much bother to move to a good one, or to give myself a headache by peering at small print because I am too lazy to look round for my glasses.

*Not* to moan because my hair is dreary, my skin dull or my hands rough and *do nothing about it*.

*Not* to rush over my make-up (as I usually do) so that it is anything but artistic, and not then to envy other women who having taken more trouble look so much better groomed than I do.

*FINALLY*, *not* to be swayed by the friends who advise various creams and lotions which suit *them*, but may not suit *me*, and thus get cluttered up with a lot of preparations that are quite useless.

*Not* to buy cosmetics at random (a gay lipstick here, a new rouge there, a nail varnish somewhere else) but to get a complete range with everything designed to harmonize one with the other.

*Not* to deceive myself by thinking that "just this once won't matter" whether it is forgetting to remove make-up at night, or any similar lapse from grace.

*Not* to leave everything to the last minute before dressing for a party, and then spend the rest of the evening regretting it.

# THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

**Miss Belinda Rennie Sharwood**, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sharwood, of Four Acres, Harefield, Middlesex, is engaged to Mr. Collingwood Peter Drinkwater, the Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Drinkwater, of The Groves, Braddan, the Isle of Man



Fayer



**Miss Claire Smedley**, elder daughter of Mr. G. Smedley, M.C., and Mrs. Smedley, of Aston Grange, Aston-by-Stone, Staffs, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Sidney Kent, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney H. Kent, of Stratheden, Sutherland Drive, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire

**Miss Catherine Margaret L. Kinson**, only daughter of Mr. W. G. Dickinson and daughter of Mrs. Dickinson of Mill Hill, Brandsby, who is engaged to marry John Philip Margetson, younger son of Sir Philip Margetson, K.C.V.O., M.C., and Lady Margetson, of Yvonde, Isle of Wight



Lenave



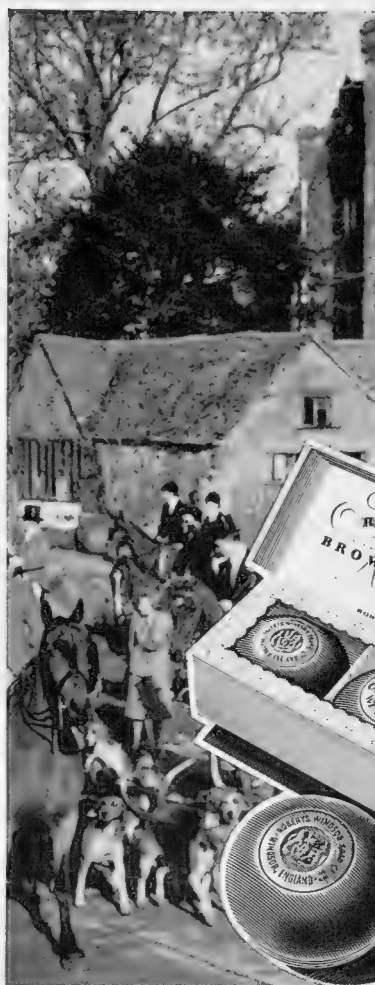
Yvonde

**Miss Caroline Kirkwood**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. M. Kirkwood, of Craigton, Irish Town, Jamaica, is engaged to Mr. James Douglas Hay, son of Mr. Archibald Hay, of Park Lane, W.1, and of Mrs. Brian Buchell, of Lowndes Street, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

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CHARLES ORSINGER—"Charles of the Connaught"—is Swiss-born and started his career in the restaurant of the Montreux Palace. He came to England and the Savoy in 1914, rising to be head waiter, and his later experience included ten years at Brown's as restaurant manager before he went to the Connaught Hotel in the same capacity

## DINING OUT

### The rainbow bar of Knightsbridge

To sleep where you eat can be a great convenience; to eat where you shop can be the same thing. It is surprising to what extent some establishments have gone to provide facilities.

Take Harrods, for example. They have a Health Juice Bar on the ground floor where you can have all sorts of extraordinary mixtures, such as watercress and carrot, carrot and parsley, pears and milk, spinach with yoghurt, mixed in a few seconds into drinks all the colours of the rainbow, some of the compositions having been devised by Gaylord Hauser, author of various diets for the benefit of mankind (and doubtless himself).

On the fourth floor in the *à la carte* café they have a Smörgasbord Table with over forty varieties where for the sum of 6s. 6d. you can eat as much as you want, or as much as you dare, without it being too obvious that you intend to get your 6s. 6d. worth and a bit over as well. Here you can get wine by the glass or the bottle and any other drinks your require.

IN the Silver Buffet, which is equipped with an *espresso* coffee bar outfit, you can get sandwiches and hot snacks, such as Welsh rarebit and poached eggs on toast, and again, provided you eat something, all kinds of drinks. The children can have an orange squash, Mother a cup of coffee, and Father a double Scotch.

Finally, in the Georgian Restaurant you can have a full-sized lunch for 7s. 6d. or 10s. 6d., or *à la carte*, of first-class quality: poached Scotch salmon with white wine sauce, 9s. 6d.; grilled lamb chop, *maitre d'hôtel*, 8s. 6d.; and so on. The oysters seem to be rather expensive at 10s. 6d. for half a dozen, with brown bread and butter. As in the *à la carte* bar they have a short but well-chosen wine list.

The general-in-command of all these operations is Murray Miln, who was banqueting manager at the Hyde Park Hotel for five years. The *maitre chef*, who has very extensive kitchens at his disposal, is F. W. Merrett, who has been with Harrods for over twenty years, part of his early training being with Lattray at the Savoy.

SPeaking about health juice bars and Mr. Hauser's schemes for reducing weight brings me to the Sandeman party, held at their offices in St. Swithin's Lane, to celebrate the 150th year of the formation of the firm in London. Here those who wished were weighed on scales against bottles of vintage port. I regret to say it took seventy bottles of this noble wine to tip the scales against my ill-conditioned carcass.

The House of Sandeman was founded by George Sandeman in Oporto in 1790. The premises in St. Swithin's Lane were opened in 1805. Although George Sandeman was a great optimist and of abounding confidence and energy, he could hardly have imagined that the small wine vault which he purchased for £300 borrowed from his father would grow into the business it is today, with huge port wine lodges in Oporto and extensive sherry bodegas in Jerez.

After the "weighing in" we lunched in the cellars, our host, the present chairman, being George Sandeman's great-great-great-nephew, Patrick Sandeman, with his son Timothy in close attendance.

You can learn a lot more about the Sandeman family and a vast amount about sherry if you read the recently published book *Sherry*, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Putnam, 21s.). This is not just a textbook, it is a labour of love by a devotee and considerable expert, very well written and well produced. This is not the sort of book you pick up and open at odd places to look for some particular information; you can read it as a book and acquire a lot of knowledge on the way.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Back to halesome fairin'

AFTER the rich foods of the past ten days it would seem wise to get back to simple fare, and the first main dish which always comes to my mind is Irish stew—and what a wonderful dish it is! Like other classic dishes, however, it calls for certain argument, and every now and again we come up against the criticism that what we have always believed to be the authentic recipe is not necessarily so. I wonder what meat *you* use for Irish stew?

My method (for four servings) is to cut about 2 lb. of neck of home-produced lamb into suitable pieces, remove as much fat as possible, wash the meat under running water, then place it in a pan just wide enough to hold one layer. To this is added enough cold water barely to cover the meat. Slowly bring it to the boil, skim and add coarse salt and freshly milled pepper to taste.

Meanwhile, cut at least a pound of peeled onions into thick slices, season them and lay them on top of the meat. Finally, cover the onions with whole medium-sized potatoes and season them. Put on a tight-fitting lid and leave the lot to simmer gently for 1½ hours. If the meat is prime lamb, my Irish stew will be ready in that time, but, if it is getting on in age, 2 hours would be better.

New Zealand lamb is perfectly good for Irish stew but, for me, not that from the Argentine. It has a very strong lanoline-like taste which is not so apparent in dry cooking as in a stew or broth.

THIS reminds me that some little time ago I wrote of Scotch broth in The TATLER. This drew an indignant rebuke from a reader who believes that the only meat used in Scotch broth is beef. She may be right—but I have Scottish relatives who pride themselves on their cooking and, when I appealed to them, they stoutly denied the beef. In her book, Meg Dod, of Cleikum Inn fame, gives mutton *or* beef, but that world's best seller of Scottish recipes, *Tried Favourites*, by Mrs. Kirk (who, rumour has it, educated her whole family on the proceeds of the book), gives mutton only.

For my part, I shall always use lamb or mutton because there is no other meat which can approach it for flavouring both the broth and the stew.

This brings me to Irish stew again. Believe it or not, a very good Irish cook declares that this stew is made with pork! Well, I suppose it can be, but the great majority of even Irish cooks would be as shocked as I was to be told that a good Irish cook will not tolerate any meat but pork for her national stew.

NOW we come to Lancashire hot-pot. Here again, I like lamb or mutton, and so do the writers of all my cookery books, but I know Lancashire folk who swear that beef is the real meat for the dish. I say, then, make your choice and enjoy the dish—and let us all agree that individual preference for this or that does not really matter overmuch.

But what I cannot understand is why, when there are so many main dishes in which versatile beef can be starred, we should debar the less versatile lamb or mutton from the three dishes under discussion in which, I think, they are magnificent. . . . Forgive me. I find that my indignation is rising in favour of the sheep. . . .

There is another very simple dish which I must recommend, especially to those who, willy-nilly, have made the usual gastronomical mistakes in recent festive days, and that is a leg beef stew—and here there can be no argument as to what meat to use! Its sheer simplicity will satisfy and settle all those little troubles which follow on indulgence in rich fare.

For four to five persons, ask for 2 lb. of leg beef or shin. Cut it yourself into long strips and then, across, in dice. Leave the gristle as it is. Put the meat into a strong pot or one of those cast-iron enamelled casseroles to which I have repeatedly referred and which, I hope, you have. Cover it deeply with cold water, add cooking salt to your liking and, again, freshly milled pepper. Cover tightly and bring slowly almost to the boil, but do not let it boil. Keep it, with the liquid barely moving, for 4 hours.

That meat, eaten with plainly boiled potatoes or rice and no other vegetable, is food for the gods. The gristle will be a soft jelly—so easily digested and so extremely nourishing.

To those who read these notes, I wish a happy 1956!

—Helen Burke



## FILETS DE SOLE VERONIQUE

Prenez de beaux filets de sole aplatis et rangez les dans une sauteuse beurrée. Versez dessus un verre de vin blanc sec, un peu d'eau et du jus de citron; assaisonnez, couvrir et cuire.

Blanchir quelques raisins blancs, les éplucher et les épépiner. Egoûtez les filets et les dresser sur le plat de service avec les raisins préparés, et tenir au chaud. Réduire le fumet du poisson, ajoutez ensuite deux cuillerées de crème fraîche, et sur le coin du feu montez tout en secouant petit à petit 120 grammes de beurre, et les mettre au point avec quelques gouttes de citron.

Finalement, nappez les filets de sole, glacez vivement et servir.

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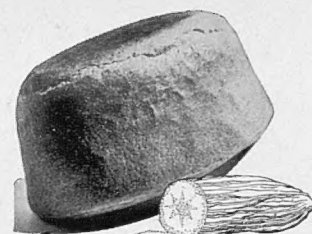
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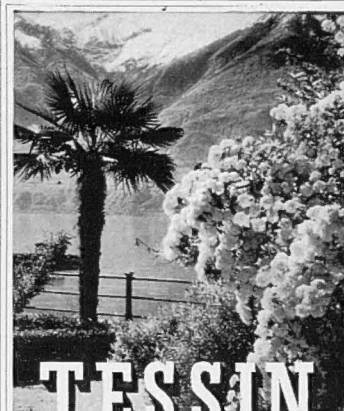
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## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Graham-Vivian—Tyringham.** At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Mr. Henry Richard Graham-Vivian, of Bosahan, Cornwall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Graham-Vivian, of Wealden House, Warringlid, Sussex, married Miss Rosemary Tyringham, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. Tyringham, of Corfe Mullen, Dorset

**Right: St. John—Berg.** Mr. Andrew Beauchamp St. John, youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Rowland St. John and of the Hon. Mrs. Rowland St. John, of Old Deer Park Gardens, Richmond, Surrey, married Miss Katherine Berg, youngest daughter of Mr. A. G. Berg, of Gonville House, Manor Fields, S.W.15, and the late Mrs. Berg, at St. John's Church, Putney Hill



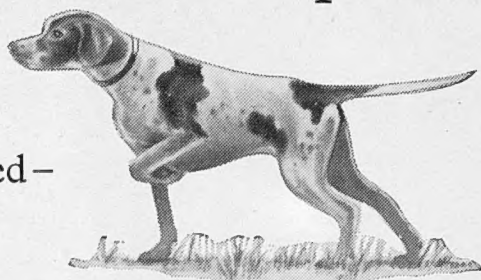
**Worsley—Assheton.** Mr. William M. J. Worsley, eldest son of Sir William Worsley, Bt., and Lady Worsley, of Hovingham Hall, York, married at Downham Church, the Hon. Bridget Assheton, only daughter of Lord and Lady Clitheroe, of Downham Hall, nr. Clitheroe, Lancs



**Throckmorton—Alston.** Mr. Nicholas Throckmorton, eldest son of the late Capt. Herbert Throckmorton, R.N., and Mrs. Throckmorton, married Miss Rosemary Anne Alston, only daughter of Major and Mrs. E. R. M. Alston, of Whiteheads Grove, S.W.3, at St. James's, Spanish Place

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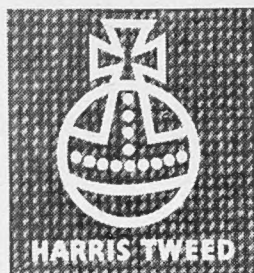


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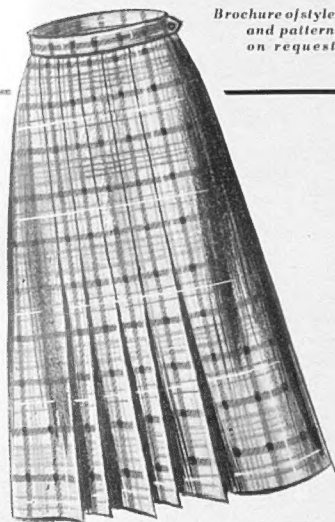
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